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SEPTEMBER 1

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4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7
Editor: Edmonde Charles-Roux
Ass't to Publisher: Henry Bertrand

**VOGUE IS PUBLISHED BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.**
Editorial and Advertising Offices
420 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N.Y.
Telephone — LExington 2-7500

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# VOGUE

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR


There are three Vogues: American, French, British  I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH Publisher


## SEPTEMBER 1, 1960




PENN

**COVER:**

The hat that fits the heady look of 1960, and shapes the plan of what to look for in a telescoped two-hour autumn shopping day. It's big, exaggerated—whether it's fur (more per capita than ever before), or velours, or this—a huge rust velvet casque, cuffed and tied in deep winter-blue grosgrain. By Sally Victor, also at Hutzler's; Marshall Field; Joseph Magnin. Against the season's burnished, gloaming colours; a flashing lipstick; this, Frances Denney's Lovelight; and make-up with a warm glow. Jewellery by David Webb: the ring, coral roped in gold; the earring gold nebula about a great topaz.

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Vol. 136 No. 4
Whole No. 2044

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Photo Blumenfeld

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PHOTO BY BETTY ESTEVEZ



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by Betty Carol

Jewels by Cartier




HAT BY LILLY DACHÉ. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY HANSEN.

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HAT BY LILLY DACHÉ. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY HANSEN.



*Jo Copeland*

finds the beat of fashion in

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and silk

HAT BY LILLY DACHÉ. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY HANSEN.

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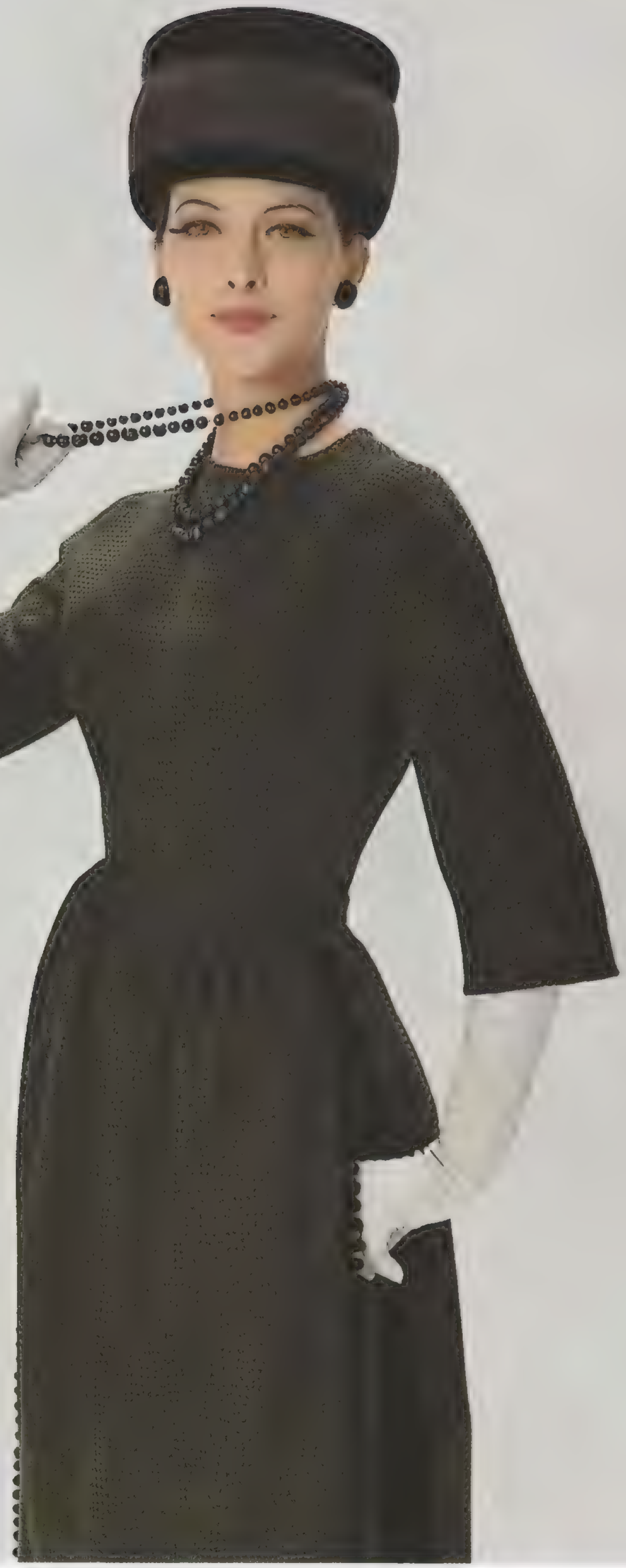
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HAT BY LILLY DACHÉ. GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY HANSEN.



# *Samuel Winston*

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and wool

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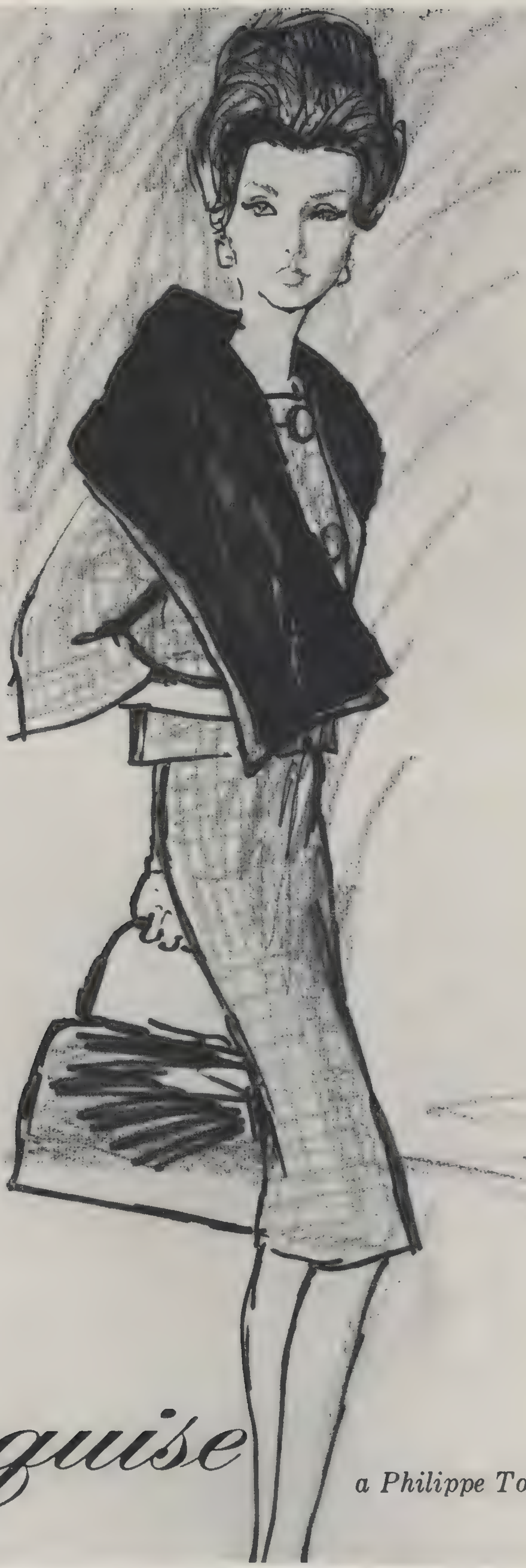
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# "MADEMOISELLE ABED IN HER HAT"

## BY SYLVIA THOMPSON

Reynaldo Hahn, the French composer and conductor, was related to my eldest aunt, Adèle, by her marriage. She and her sister Cécile first knew him in the Paris of the early 'Nineties when he had ringlets and velvet eyes, and suits with lace collars, and was *le petit Hahn* described by Edmond de Goncourt, playing his own settings for three or four pieces by Verlaine at the house of the old, ill, Alphonse Daudet—those jewels of poetry which came to be known as the "Chansons Grises."

The Hahns had Spanish blood. This, my Aunt Cécile said, accounted for an occasion when, in a Paris summer of the early 'Nineties, she found Reynaldo's beautiful sister, Marianne, lying at midday on her bed in camisole and petticoats, the *déshabillé* of the period, and an ostrich-feather trimmed hat, and explaining, "I feel lazy."

The girlhood Paris of my aunts, Adèle and Cécile, contained, as well as Mademoiselle Hahn abed in her hat, and the boy Reynaldo playing to the sick Daudet, the Marcel Proust of *Les Plaisirs et les Jours.*

Their Étretat, where, with their "admirers," including the younger Coquelin, they rattled to picnics in a wagonette, was also, at that time, inhabited by the crazed old Guy de Maupassant. It was the Étretat of beaches; turquoise-blue skies, bathing machines, bare-legged little girls with "Grecian bends" and frilly bonnets; voluptuous beauties shrimping in button boots, their striped skirts bustled, their bosoms voluptuous in jerseys with jabots; *boulevardiers* on holiday in hoop-striped bathing suits, monocles, and whiskers.

"How gay we were!"—and my aunt Cécile would mime Coquelin *Jeune*, holding his hereditary nose and saying through closed lips: "When you speak English, never open your mouth," adding "how pretty Adèle was—but how she used to cry, with hay fever, on windy days."

Both my eldest aunts married foreigners and settled with them in what they believed to be English life. In fact, their version of it, and respective improvisations on it—Aunt Adèle in Curzon Street and in her lovely Queen Anne house in Essex, Aunt Cécile in a Victorian mansion on a Surrey common—was as un-English as possible.

The cosmopolitan, tri-lingual, musical-and-artistic existence they led by inheritance (to say nothing of what they inherited in the way of Second Empire, or even pre-Revolution, hygienic conventions, such as herbal drinks, footbaths, and purging), resembled exactly the middle-distance of Proust's letters to his mother and his correspondence with Reynaldo Hahn. That is to say the whole moral and sensual set-up of Israelite existence, its intellectual zest, personal luxury, moral security, warm family feelings, and family jokes and "little language."

The Reynaldo Hahn motif recurred appropriately in their lives. In her always Louis XVI drawing-rooms in Curzon Street, and at Shortgrove, my aunt Adèle sang:

*Le ciel est pardessus le toît*
*Si bleu, si calme.*

In her "Empire" drawing room in Surrey, my aunt Cécile sang:

*Si mes vers avaient des ailes.*

Both had photographs of Reynaldo; early ones of "Nano" with the inevitable curls, and later cabinet-portraits taken when all photographed young men had the vellum cheeks, sombre stares, and moustaches proper to distinguished wife-murderers. These photographs stood about my aunts' boudoirs in silver or tortoise-shell or mother-of-pearl frames. In my childhood all the grown-up women I knew had boudoirs.

During the years of Reynaldo's increasing reputation, my aunts became his fervent celebrants; hurrying to Paris with exhausted maids or "companions," for his concerts; reserving boxes for his operettas; and returning, exalted, bringing the scores of Ciboulette or Mozart, and singing their enchanting tunes in voices which the years thinned and quivered like the notes of a harpsichord.

When, in the Twenties, Reynaldo became Director of the

Opéra at Monte Carlo, my aunt Adèle took a villa each spring to be near him. Her sister Cécile, characteristically divided between the rival claims of happiness and health, would swoop down to Monte Carlo, a place she considered "relaxing and vulgar," to spend two days in the wonderful *ambiance* of Reynaldo's music and wit and, it seemed, eternal youth. ("My dear Cécile," he said to her, "one must never become dated.") After which she was off and up to some bracing Alpine resort, there writing to him that, "like the court of Frederick the Great," she spent her time "conjugating the verb *s'ennuyer.*"

If, when my aunt Cécile was at home, breakfasting in bed, an envelope arrived with the Monaco stamp, she would ring the mauve-enamelled handbell on her bedside table to have me summoned to visit her. In her matinal laces and lilac ribbons, she would share what dear, darling Reynaldo wrote; and let me listen to those phrases that Proust likened to St. Simon, while my Aunt Cécile's delicately Voltairean features became pink-pearl with enthusiasm below her conscientiously eighteenth-century lace cap.

For days such a letter would remain beside her bed on that extraordinary octagonal night table, with its freight of pills and pencils and scent bottles and newspaper cuttings illegibly scrawled with exclamations, and memo-blocks on which she wrote impatient, illegible plans for the improvement of other people's health or happiness; a table with a book recess under it that lodged the works of Herbert Spencer, some new novel ("too *long*, darling, and *are* people *really* such animals?") and the Bible.

She was always imaginative of other people's wishes, and so thought best to return her treasured letters (there was one complimenting her on her "modesty") to Reynaldo in Paris. If so, she unwittingly added to that "chaos of papers which envelop and submerge me" of which, years later, he complained in a letter to Colette that ended, "We never see each other any more. It is very sad. Everything is very sad."

But what did my Aunt Adèle do with her Reynaldo letters, that she announced down the long family breakfast table? That she read aloud, holding up her lorgnette, her napkin sustained across her bosom by the pair of minute diamond bows made for her by Cartier for this purpose. A necessary purpose, for she had allowed the years, and the chef, to plump her from the pocket-Venus painted by Sargent—on a *bergère*, in pale tulle and black velvet bodice—to the shape of a cornucopia from which emerged the small, still pretty, head with its glistening pompadour of white hair, and those thematic ropes of pearls which my small brother once said "didn't come off in her bath."

Her reading would interrupt one of my Uncle Carl's mandarin silences. It was said of him at Rothschild's—"He can be silent in four languages." She disturbed his preoccupied humming and conducting of an imaginary orchestra with Reynaldo's sentences of, no doubt, such wit or charm as Proust acknowledged in that fantastic "little language" which he learned from Reynaldo himself; e.g., "*Mon cher petit Vunchtnibuls. Vous êtes tellement gentil, tellement buncht que votre Guncht ne sait comment vous remercier.*"

* * *

In the late 'Twenties Reynaldo asked my mother to translate his book, *La Grande Sarah, Souvenir.*

My mother was twenty years younger than her sisters and several million pounds poorer. Her English education was "finished" at Allenswood and extended to Oxford. Her marriage into what she felt to be a typically English family, and her fiercely youthful prejudices, made her anti-boudoir, anti-Pekinese, anti-Rolls-Royces. Also anti-opera. For she was indifferent to music, being apt to say, defiantly, that she preferred poetry. Since she was, by family consent, "the intellectual" (as well as "the darling"), she was thought a suitable translator for the *Sarah* book.

In the early 1900's it was, it seems, impossible to love equally the art of Sarah, and of Eleonora Duse. The Duse seemed, as described by Yvette Guilbert, a revelation—"her movements, her eyes, her silences." It was to Yvette Guilbert the Duse wrote: "If your spirit is heavy, your talent will not be great." One agreed or one was subjugated by the golden voice, the "prodigious and unequalled personality" of Sarah.

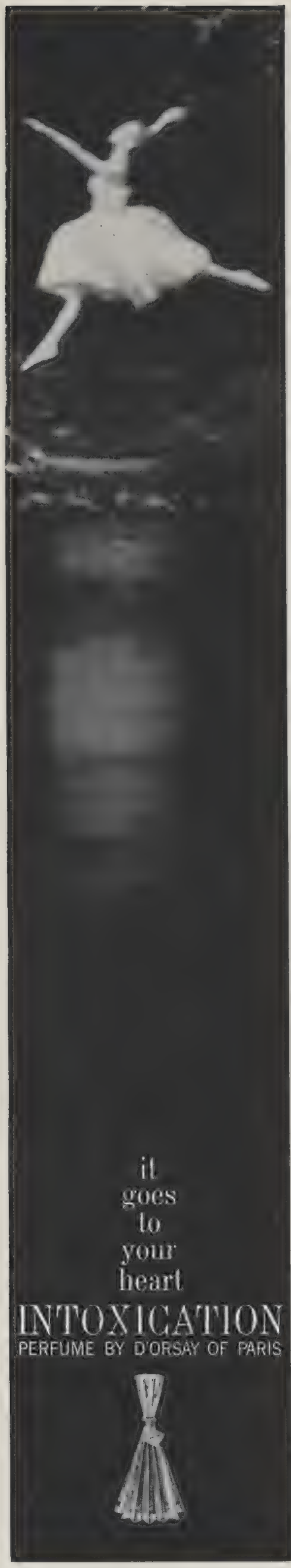
Reynaldo's parents took him to see her for the first time when he was six years old. "It was like a thunderbolt," he wrote, and later, his *affection confiant* drew him into that enchanted, amused intimacy with her which

*(Continued on page 56)*




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## "MADEMOISELLE ABED IN HER HAT"

*(Continued from page 55)*

enabled him to record, among other things, her "horror of sad jewels," diamonds in particular, to describe her *Sarahtorium* on the coast of Brittany; and to note in passing, her "everyday tea gown of white satin."

She was so imaginatively Anglophile, Forsythe-bewitched, Kipling-delighted, so happy, mostly, in the English life that she loved: she transmitted to us in our growing-up years—years of picnics with a tea basket on moors or river banks; of winter-reading aloud after schoolroom-tea, of Dickens and Thackeray and Browning by the drawing-room fire—that her family's inherited cult of poets and actors, musicians and painters, meant nothing to her.

Reynaldo she found amusing; but he wasn't in the category of people whose letters she kept, such as children, friends, old servants, and a far-off Highland love, with enchanting manners and no morals, whom she had, sadly but obstinately, resisted when she was young and sick at heart.

During a visit to London in the middle 'Twenties, Reynaldo was to spend a country weekend with my Aunt Adèle at Shortgrove.

I was staying in the house.

What preparations were made. What conferences in the business-room with her secretary, counsellor, *éminence grise* known as Bill, in the family for forty years; stately, sun-bronzed, eccentric with a Junoesque body and two profiles, one sardonic and one tender; and her black eyes, fierce or whimsical under beetling brows. What consultations with the chef. "Monsieur Hahn is a Frenchman," the secretary said to him, in that tone of majestic impartiality she used to conceal dislike.

Wines were brought up; the latest breed of carnation summoned from the carnation-nurseries. I helped Bill to arrange them. "The Red Ecstasies in number four for Reynaldo," she said. I think Reynaldo seemed to Bill only a less regrettable craze of my aunt's than the Professor of Arabic who always filled his cigar case, or the neighbouring Mr. H. G. Wells, whom she did not consider a gentleman; or Arnold Bennett. Her category of artists-*but*-gentlemen included Tree, H. B. Irving, E. F. Benson. *Women* novelists she judged by such as came to Shortgrove, and found them vulgar. But she would have liked Jane Austen.

I was upstairs dressing for dinner when I heard arrival-sounds; wheels crunching gravel, and the front door shut and reverberating. No doubt I was preoccupied by thoughts of some young man long-since forgotten, or worse, now grey, paunchy, and "successful."

When I came down to the library I saw a maximum of tulle and diamonds on my aunt's hair, and Bill's deep-set eyes gleaming with black irony, her splendid shoulders emerging brown from her oldest black lace. We waited for Reynaldo.

Mortals, alas, may sup with the gods or share the beds of goddesses without realizing their privilege. Alcmene failed to distinguish Jupiter's love-making from her husband's; Leda, one supposes, took the swan to be a swan.

With the bright, blind eyes of youth I sat through that dinner at that familiar long table in the candlelight with two, it seemed to me, very old people. (Bill, witch-like, had no age.)

Two old people, I observed, absurdly and overtly addicted to rouge and false hair, and both of them indulging, inexplicably, in an extraordinary *joie de vivre*. I observed, enjoying my excellent dinner, their perplexing vivacity, the indecorous zest with which they exchanged gossip and anecdotes in French. Aunt Adèle, a flirtatious blue-stocking from girlhood, preened her little jewelled person, while Reynaldo complimented and beguiled her, his lidded Spanish eyes at once laughing and observing the stuccoed ceiling, the tapestries, the familiar Sargent group over the chimney piece and, no doubt, the extraordinary figure of (he wrote once) "*cette Amazone*, Miss Sykes."

He may have noticed also, with indifference, the priggish and ignorant silences of the "little niece" (*ma charmante nièce*, Sylvia), who, complacent and blooming in white satin (the only idiosyncrasy I ever shared with Sarah Bernhardt) was much too young to comprehend the courage of rouge, the *panache* of a wig, or the agreeable and heroic nature of frivolity.



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# THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN

## Some thoughts on red shoes, reindeer gloves, and an English coat

BY ELEANOR PRESTON CLARKSON

I once had a five-year-old friend whose mother invited me to come to dinner and stay overnight. In the morning as I made my way to the bathroom, I came upon my little friend thoughtfully dressing herself by the hall radiator. It was spring then, but her mother had started her on this course in the winter when it was cold in her bedroom.

After the customary greetings were dispensed with, I learned the reason for her thoughtfulness. "These are my good Sunday shoes," she said, "and my mother is making me wear them to play in." Together we looked at a very scuffed pair of red shoes. What does one say when another's eyes see only what used to be?

One day by chance I opened a little-used drawer in a table at home while my father watched. "Why, here are the reindeer gloves," I said. "May I have them?"

"Of course," said he.

My stepmother had brought the gloves back from a North Cape cruise. She bought them from the Lapps near Trondheim. To the end of her days she talked about that trip—the midnight sun, the fjords, the northern seas, and the Lapps with their herd of reindeer. We would turn through the old photograph album and she would tell her story again and again. And every winter she would put on the reindeer gloves to go riding in the car.

It was the backs that were made of reindeer hide—short, stiff, dark-brown fur with light speckled spots. The rest was a softer skin, and the lining was wool. I suppose they were twenty years old when I started wearing them. The thread was all rotten and broke here and there as I wore them, but they were just as good as a magic carpet. Every time I put them on I dreamed of some day going where I myself would see the Lapps and their herd of reindeer, the fjords, and the midnight sun.

Then one day a friend said to me, "Why in the world don't you buy some new gloves?"

"But these are *reindeer* gloves," I said. "Haven't I told you about them?" I launched into my tale.

When I had finished, she said in a matter-of-fact voice that showed she hadn't understood at all, "Well, you ought to sew them up."

"They'll only tear if I do," I replied, and that was the end of it. The magic went out of them and now they lie in a drawer.

There is a used clothing drive on this week to help the less fortunate.

That brings up the question of the English coat. It has worn out its second lining and the nap is all gone from the seat. Besides, the sleeves are out of style.

Yet, how are the less fortunate going to know about the day I bought it at Selfridge's with five-pound notes that looked like pieces of newspaper, and had gooseberry tart for lunch? Then I went past the lions in Trafalgar Square to a theatre-ticket agency where I got good balcony seats for ninety cents for Christopher Fry's new play, *The Dark Is Light Enough.*

It will just be an old wool coat out of style. So I guess I'll take it to the country and wear it when I get firewood from the woodshed.

In the firelight maybe I'll see a little girl whose red shoes don't scuff, and watch a herd of reindeer picking its way across the tundra. I'll hear again that wonderful voice of Dame Edith Evans and remember how we had coffee in the interval served to us in our seats on little trays.

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ROOS/ATKINS

*wonderful way to look*

*This look:*

*The new free form,*

*shaped to the figure*

*but subtly, easily.*

*Design by*

PAT SANDLER

*of* HIGHLIGHT.

*Wool jersey dress,*

*skillfully cut*

*to a two-piece look,*

*in jewel tones of*

*ruby, amethyst,*

*emerald or black.*

*59.95*

CALIFORNIA

*wonderful way to live*

ROOS/ATKINS

*wonderful way to look*

*This look:*

*The soft-spoken suit*

*gently tailored by*

HARRODS

OF CALIFORNIA.

*Bellaine worsted in*

*amethyst or tobacco,*

*with its own*

*perfect overblouse*

*matched to*

*its jacket lining.*

*Grace note: twinkly*

*jewel buttons.*

*129.95*





CALIFORNIA

*wonderful way to live*

ROOS/ATKINS

*wonderful way to look*

*This look:*

*Traditional elegance*

*of rich-as-cream*

*cashmere '400'*

*handled in a fresh way*

*by* COUNTRY TWEEDS.

*Swinging free with*

*all the bravado of a*

*cape, it's the coat of*

*coats for California.*

*Brown raisin or black.*

*Milium crepe-back*

*satin lining.*

*149.95*

SAN FRANCISCO (5 STORES) • OAKLAND
BERKELEY (2 STORES) • SAN LEANDRO
SAN MATEO (2 STORES) • STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
PALO ALTO • SAN JOSE • FRESNO • SACRAMENTO
SQUAW VALLEY • SANTA BARBARA

1 1860·1960 ROOS·ATKINS

CELEBRATING A CENTURY OF FASHION

CALIFORNIA

*wonderful way to live*

ROOS/ATKINS

*wonderful way to look*

*This look:*

*Grace in motion,*

*interpreted by*

ADELE MARTIN.

*In wool jersey,*

*the fitted torso*

*turning into*

*a flurry of*

*pleats at the hips.*

*Plum, green tea,*

*beige or black,*

*filmed at the throat*

*with blending chiffon.*

*39.95*





CALIFORNIA

*wonderful way to live*

ROOS/ATKINS

*wonderful way to look*

*This look:*

*Sweaters individually*

*hand-fashioned by*

PREMIER

*of exclusive*

KITT'N-GORA

*rare blend of imported*

*lambswool and*

*choice angora hair.*

*Color matched*

DUNKIRK SKIRTS

*luxury hand-loomed*

*tweeds and plaids*

*by* EINIGER.

Kitt'n-Gora "tunnel" collared cardigan, 36-40, 16.95; stitched-pleat skirt of Einiger plaid by Dunkirt, 10-16, 19.95. Fern green, caramel, gold.

Full fashioned Kitt'n-Gora pullover, 36-40, 14.95; nubby Einiger tweed Dunkirk skirt, 10-18, 16.95. Fern green, caramel, delft blue.

Cable knit wool cardigan, 36-40, 12.95; Dunkirk doeskin flannel skirt, 10-18, 16.95. Fern green, caramel, delft blue.

SAN FRANCISCO (5 STORES) · OAKLAND
BERKELEY (2 STORES) · SAN LEANDRO
SAN MATEO (2 STORES) · STANFORD SHOPPING CENTER
PALO ALTO · SAN JOSE · FRESNO · SACRAMENTO
SQUAW VALLEY · SANTA BARBARA

1860 1960 ROOS ATKINS

CELEBRATING A CENTURY OF FASHION

EUGENIA OF FLORENCE SHOES/ EMME HAT



# MEET MR. MORT®

JACKET AND STRAPLESS DRESS, ABOUT $50 • BERGDORF GOODMAN • WOODWARD & LOTHROP • BRAMSON'S • GUS MAYER • I. MAGNIN




naturally it's by Natural Poise

Frivolously beautiful shoe, starts early and floats till the small hours. Silken suede with stem heel and little eyelash sweep of frill. So flattering you'll want it in a whole jewel-box of colors. Most styles **$12.99** to **$14.99.**

DRESS BY HANNAH TROY WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company

Alixandre

SAMUEL SCHULMAN FURS INC.

**FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL**



**LORD & TAYLOR**–NEW YORK **NAN DUSKIN**–PHILA. **MORTON'S**–BOSTON


Ben Reig's exquisitely mannered suit is imported black and white checked wool superbly accented with black mink ascot. From our Tribout Collection.
UNMISTAKABLY...
TRIBOUT
John Wanamaker
PHILADELPHIA





# A NORTH AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

## For the motorized hunter— adventure and moose in Newfoundland

By JEAN PIERSON

No snakes, lots of moose, caribou, and salmon, plus 1,300 pretty fishing villages where the fishermen have not yet learned to pose for artists—these are some of the charms of Newfoundland. It is an adventure to pierce the island's isolation, to admire from lonely vantage points the island's spectacular good looks.

From the "William Carson," the luxe car ferry, slick with pastel-cushioned lounges and good-sized two-bed-with-bath staterooms, visitors step off into a frontier town, Port aux Basques. The car that travelled in style on the Canadian National Railway's ferry from North Sydney, Nova Scotia, drives off onto dusty dirt roads, merry with stones, eerie curves, sudden dips, and children. With no sidewalks and little yard space on the rock that is Port aux Basques, every street is a play street. Until five years ago there was no place to go from the town. To get out required the train, a boat, or a dog sled. When the Trans-Canada Highway pushed 590 miles through the wilderness, connecting Port aux Basques with Newfoundland's capital, St. John's, every Port aux Basquan who could dig up the down payment seemed to buy a new American-type car. Now the local drivers weave in and out of children and stones with the speedy confidence of American teen-agers, and look forward, as they indeed need to, to next year's model cars.

Port aux Basques' palette is striking. Cerulean, vermilion, chrome yellow, mustard, and orange frame houses, all square, riotously range the rock. What the town lacks in architecture, flowers, trees, and grass—there is next to none of any of these—the house painters have made up for. Clustered together at different levels by the sea, shining in the sun, in the salty soothery of fishing nets laid out to dry, the housescapes of this and other Newfoundland sea villages extend a special, brilliant invitation to artists and photographers.

Port aux Basques and its twin town, Channel, have no hotels, motels, or cabins. If the proprietress feels up to it, likes your looks, and has a vacancy, visitors can stay at one of five boarding houses. Though the usual occupants of Mrs. Hann's eight rooms-to-hire are travelling salesmen and railroad workers, she will cheerfully take in a tourist. The terminus of the Canadian National Railroad, the vital artery of Newfoundland life that threads the settlements together and makes a once-a-day trip both ways between Port aux Basques and St. John's, lies a steep drop down from Mrs. Hann's on the busy harbour. Through the night the clang of freight cars being joined and loaded competes with the bleats of ships moving in and out. A gentle, well-organized woman, Mrs. Hann would not give up her location for the world. The railroad means a lot to her, as it does to most Newfoundlanders. The daughter of a railroad agent, she grew up at various remote New-

*(Continued on page 104)*


The timeless beauty of
ARTEMIS



Gossamer gown and peignoir on opposite page, part of the Artemis Grecian Galaxie matched collection, may be found at these fine stores:

**Lord & Taylor**
New York—Manhasset
Westchester—Garden City
Millburn—West Hartford
Bala-Cynwyd—Washington

**Hahne & Company**
Newark—Montclair

**The William Hengerer Company**
Buffalo—Amherst

**Powers Dry Goods Co.**
Minneapolis—Knollwood—Highland

**Stewart & Co.**
Baltimore—York Road

**The Stewart Dry Goods Company**
Louisville—Lexington

**J. W. Robinson Co.**
Los Angeles—Beverly Hills
Palm Springs—Pasadena

**The Diamond**
Charleston, W. Va.

**Sibley Lindsay & Curr Company**
Rochester—Eastway—Irondequoit
Newark—Southtown

**Boston Store**
Erie, Pa.

**Gown—$8.95 Peignoir—$14.95**

Caught amid soaring columns of antiquity, the gossamer grace of the delicately detailed gown and peignoir. Both fashioned of misty layers of nylon tricot in breathtaking tone-on-tone colors: sandalwood, white mist, paradise poppy, nectarine, turquoise mist, royal sapphire, black ambrosia, ivory mist. Gown, 32 to 38; 8.95. Peignoir, S, M, L; 14.95. From the Grecian Galaxie matched collection, at all fine stores. Artemis Inc., New York, St. Louis, San Francisco.

FLY TO GREECE VIA THE WORLD'S FASTEST GROWING AIRLINE ALITALIA



The timeless beauty of

# ARTEMIS

PHOTO: KELLMAN





# Erica knows

Italian summers at the Academy trained her eye to the beautiful, the genuine; now indulges in decorating her town house, flees to rocky Maine coast with architect husband. She has kept her values, knows what's real and what isn't. Sees wool pure and beautiful. Wool dress, folding a soft cowl at the throat; moving quietly, surely, among glimmering antiques. Needs the touch of wool, soft, exquisite, as if woven on delicate hand looms. Wool, alive, resonant, to bury the face deep in. Cherishes wool, the memory, the last time she wore this dress he brought mimosa, sketched her by firelight. Finds wool a mark of good breeding, instinctively right at any given moment. Erica wants wool, all the wool she can gather. She knows nothing measures up to wool.

Wool monk dress with leather thong belt $245.00, a Bill Blass design for Maurice Rentner. For further information write Erica, The Wool Bureau, Inc., 360 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

# SOVEREIGN AMONG FURS | EMBA® AMERICAN MINK

Here, the reigning favourite: DIADEM® brand, EMBA® natural pale brown mutation mink, most supreme of furs, proud of its fine American breeding, overflows its natural splendour into an utterly beguiling collared stole.

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Sovereign Furs
HAUSNER, BLUM & KUZENS
635 South Hill Street • Los Angeles 14, Calif.

HAGGARTY'S STORES, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA • ISABELL GERHART FASHIONS, HOUSTON, TEXAS • BERKELEY'S, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA



®MUTATION MINK BREEDERS ASSOCIATION • American mink—world's finest

Virginia Thoren Dress—Ceil Chapman

**PAUL PARNES** adores this new Fiber-Sealed jersey in **80% "Orlon"* acrylic fiber and 20% wool.** In spruce green or berry red. Sizes 8-20. About $90. Available at B. Siegel, Detroit; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, New York; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Gus Mayer, all stores; Montaldo's, all stores. And for additional stores featuring fashions of Fiber-Sealed jersey, see page 268.




Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

# FIBER-SEALED JERSEY of 'ORLON'® ACRYLIC FIBER and wool.

A new Du Pont process locks "Orlon" acrylic fibers tight together, locks shape in to stay—achieves a depth, a substance, a firmness jersey has never known before! This is fashion's own jersey—so full-bodied, so rich. It resists crushing, sagging, springs back to beauty. Wonderful "Orlon", to bring you tomorrow's jersey—today!

HAT BY SALLY VICTOR GLOVES OF DU PONT NYLON BY MARCEL WAGNER EN JOY "THE DU PONT SHOW WITH JUNE ALLYSON" MONDAY NIGHTS—CBS TV

*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, NOT CLOTH. WE MAKE THE FABRIC OR FASHION SHOWN HERE.




# The most natural looking complexion of them all with hi-fi Fluid Make-Up...*naturally!*

Hi-Fi Fluid delicately tints your complexion, freshens it, perfects it, but so subtly no one can tell you're wearing make-up! You don't need to be an expert to apply Hi-Fi Fluid. It glides on easily, blends smoothly, can't streak, pile up or leave tell-tale edges. With Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up you get perfect results every time!



## hi-fi Fluid Make-Up by MAX FACTOR

In eight complexion matched tones... $1.75

# ALAMAC INTRODUCES THALMATTE®

the great new fiber-sealed jersey that locks shape in to stay



the fashion in Thalmatte:

PAUL PARNES

*DU PONT TRADEMARK

EUGENIA OF FLORENCE SHOES / EMME HAT

Alamac pioneers a great new process! First, seals "Orlon"* acrylic fibers in a totally new way, then combines them with wool to achieve the first, true shape-locked jersey ever made. This is Thalmatte®, the jersey with a deep, deep richness. So firm, so full bodied, Paul Parnes chooses it for a beautifully curved-to-stay sheath. Dali red, royal blue, Atlantis green. Sizes 8 to 18. About $90. At Bonwit Teller, New York City; B. Siegel & Co., Detroit; Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Montaldo's, all stores. See page **268** for other fine stores. Paul Parnes, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, New York.




Nothing takes the place of *being* there . . . nothing *takes* you there like Pan Am Jets.

**Gourmet Note:** You can be dining *al fresco*—Parisian style—in less time than it takes to plan and prepare a party dinner at home! Pan Am's superbly fast Jet Clippers* bring Europe within 6¾ hours of New York. And on Pan Am's first-class *President Special* service, sumptuous meals are prepared by Maxim's of Paris, with vintage wines and champagnes! All followers of *haute cuisine,* call your Travel Agent or Pan Am, World's Most Experienced Airline.

*Trade-Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.






. . . in Thalmatte®, the great new fiber-sealed jersey of "Orlon"* acrylic and wool by Alamac. Red or green. Sizes 8 to 20. Paul Parnes, 498 Seventh Ave., New York 18. See Page 268 for the fine store nearest you.




SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR SHOWINGS OF "PORTRAITS IN MOTION" CAN BE MADE AT THE FINE



# Edith Small

PRESENTS

THE

AUTUMN 1960 COLLECTION

IN HER FASHION FILM

**"PORTRAITS IN MOTION."**

SEE

FOR THE FIRST TIME

CUSTOM SUITS,

COUTURE COSTUMES,

AND LAVISH BALLGOWNS

FILMED IN ORIGINAL COLOR...

PHOTOGRAPHED

IN ONE OF AMERICA'S

MOST GRACIOUS HOMES



STORE IN YOUR CITY... OR BY WRITING EDITH SMALL, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

The after-five look, dramatically revealed. Imported wool lace top with silk alpaca skirt . . . designed by Mario Forte. Black only. Jeunes Petites, sizes 6 to 16. About $70. Available at Lord & Taylor, all stores; Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Chicago; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco and other fine stores throughout the country. Mort Schrader, 530 Seventh Ave., New York 18.



the
wonderful
illusion
of
**mort schrader**

# How does a woman spend her day?

IX

Jacket dress by Fashion-Craft in Folker's fabric of Celanese acetate and rayon. Perfect for a morning of shopping . . . flattering and comfortable. In blue, green or red. In sizes 38 to 46. $35.

. . . organizing her interests and activities with the special deftness a woman acquires in her wise and graceful years. Choosing her clothes for the qualities she knows are her becoming best. Harmonious on the figure. Easy, soft, effortless to wear. So comfortable: they almost spoil her. Yet beautifully practical, in today's versatile fabrics made with Celanese contemporary fibers. Here and on the following four pages are the fashions to take a woman through her day. Available at all Lane Bryant stores across the country.

Celanese®

Celanese contemporary fibers

Madam Chairman must be very selective in what she wears. Simple lines are the order of the day with the interest centered on the fabric. This dress is just right to hold her audience. The printed matte jersey—current to the Fall fashion trend—has the rich color and supple softness that Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber, can give. Dress by Meera Brooke in Rosewood's brushed matte jersey of Celanese acetate and nylon. Green, royal, deep brown. Sizes 38 to 52. $25. Celanese®

Dresses shown available at Lane Bryant stores across the country.




CELANESE FIBERS COMPANY, a division of Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

A visit to granddaughter's dancing class is one time a woman wants to look her proud best. Perfect for the occasion—this charming jacket-dress tailored in the new easy look she loves. That graceful skirt is one of its most flattering features, and what a joy to know that easy-care Arnel makes the fabric so soft to the touch, keeps the double pleats permanently in place. Leslie Pomer ensemble in Fabrex wrinkle-resistant Arnel triacetate and Coloray* rayon. Blue, green, brown. Sizes 14½ to 24½. $35.

Celanese® Arnel®
*Courtaulds (Alabama) Inc.

*This is the official Arnel symbol—evidence that this fabric of this new triacetate fiber has been pre-tested for performance claimed.



Dinner is the hour of flattery, the hour that a woman wears crepe. For this is the feminine and flattering fabric. Its gentle softness becomes, slims, flows subtly into the youthful lines every woman wants. Here in a svelte sheath you see how truly beautiful crepe can be with the rich texture and suppleness of Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber. Dinner dress by Allen Peck in Hargro's crepe of Celanese acetate and rayon. Black or navy. Sizes 12½ to 24½. $45.

Celanese®



When the concert hour comes, a woman is in the mood for glamour. She finds it in this handsome dinner suit of beautiful brocade. This is a fabric that knows no age. See how deftly it is handled here in a manner that is unusually elegant yet completely easy and comfortable to wear. The richness and luster come, of course, from Celanese acetate, the beauty fiber. Costume by Paramount Dress in Opulent's brocade of cotton and Celanese acetate. Beige or green. Sizes 14½ to 26½. $39.95. Celanese®

(Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.) Dresses shown available at Lane Bryant stores across the country. If you do not have a Lane Bryant store in your city, write to Lane Bryant, Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.




CELANESE FIBERS COMPANY, a division of Celanese Corporation of America, New York 16.

the winner
for sheer perfection and fit

bur-mil Cameo

SHAPEMAKER STOCKINGS



Sheer Shapemaker stretch-to-fit styles:
Seamless: demi-toe—$1.65. Reinforced heel & toe—$1.50
Seamed: dress and daytime sheer—$1.50
Burlington Support Stockings—$4.95

Burlington Hosiery Co. Bur-Mil A Division of Burlington Industries







# I. Doctor

*DOCTOR DRESS CO., INC. 325 W. Jackson, Chicago 6*

*Three versions of Fall's most important shape: The Ensemble. Top left: perfect duet...black and lustrous Persian lamb collars the perky jacket so fluid over the matching black Hochanum wool and fur fibre shaft of dress, about 165.00. Above: dressmanship displays its knowledge in this Forstmann's Rosella wool costume, suitable for any occasion —dress also available with crepe blouse. In seasonal colors, about 125.00. Across: superb dark ranch or Cerulean® mink heightens the significance of the softly casual jacket over the slender column of dress, about 175.00. In all Fall tones.*

*Slightly higher on West Coast Hats—Mr. John*

*Sizes 14 to 44; 12½ to 24½*

See the I. Doctor advertisement on page 175




***Free-Lift 4-inch band bra** brings you the midriff slimming of a long-line with all the freedom of a short-line! Bra is separated from band in front to reach with you. #1111. White. $8.95. D cup, $10.95.*

***Free-Lift girdle always stays smooth,** keeps your tummy that way, too. Lycra spandex ribbon lets front panels separate for extra freedom when you stand or walk, pulls them together (no wrinkles!) when you bend or sit. #711. White. $18.50.*



# Feel free to be beautiful in these lacy new 'FREE-LIFTS'!

*They stretch apart when you move . . . slide together when you relax!*

See the elastic ribbon, center-front on the bra above? Look for it when you shop. It's your promise of wonderful new freedom because it lets the panels on these new Free-Lifts separate for extra "give"...pulls them together when your body relaxes. Only these three new Free-Lifts have it . . . the girdle, the bra, and the corselette.

The freedom panel in each is almost completely detached from the rest of the garment—yet securely held by the long, *long*-wearing Lycra® elastic ribbon. Choose your style at your nicest store today. You'll be thrilled with the new and lovely liberties a body can take in new Free-Lift by Warner's.

# New and Young from Warner's®



***Warner's famous Free-Lift corselette** has floating bra separated from rest of garment in front to end shoulder-strap strain common to ordinary corselettes. Slims you in all-over comfort. #3711. White or Black. $22.50.*

**New! Warner Wash!** Gives professional washing care to girdles, bras, lingerie, woolens. Prolongs their life, preserves their looks. It's Warner's gentle-formula cold water soap. Get Warner Wash where you buy your Warner's. $1.50 for 10 full ounces.




Coordinated perfection — your skirt of McMullen plaid wool, black on color. Or in solid-color yarn dye flannel. About 18.00. The pure silk McMullen blouse with famous little collar. About 13.00. The McMullen imported hand-cableknit sweater. About 30.00. In foliage shades: gold, rust, brown, green, blue. 8 to 20. LORD & TAYLOR : J. L. HUDSON : MONTALDO-DOOP'S : MARSHALL FIELD : NIEMAN-MARCUS. For store in your city write McMullen Co. 550 Seventh Ave., N. Y.

Theatre costume in metallic brocade by Tioga, lined in Siri. Dress, about $65. Coat, about $65. Bergdorf Goodman ■ Woodward & Lothrop ■ J. P. Allen ■ Montaldo Stores



# PAT SANDLER FOR HIGHLIGHT




Jax Manhattan Palm Beach Chicago San Francisco Beverly Hills Balboa Island

Tommy Mitchell

# TRAVEL TIPS

from *Colette d'Orsay*



AIR FRANCE
TRAVEL ADVISOR

***Going together is twice the fun at almost half the cost for you when you fly Air France family style***

Now you can turn that business trip abroad into an exciting, inexpensive vacation through the Air France Family Plan.

The savings are so impressive that you could buy a Paris original without feeling guilty! Starting October 15, if your husband flies First Class at the regular fare, you (and any children betweeen 12 and 25) can accompany him at reductions of $300 each. Children under 12 always go for half fare.

Economy flights? Well worth considering. They're *très chic* on Air France, and you jet there just as fast. During the off season,* which is the *in season* in Europe, you save $150 on *your* ticket if you fly Economy Class family style. Still other Air France economy 17 day excursions are as low as $389.60 round trip to Paris.

Your vacation begins as soon as you step aboard an Air France Jet—and if you don't fall in love with it, you'll be the exception. French décor, French food, incomparable French service. Only 6¾ hours later, you are under the spell of Paris.

For the newest Very Important Pointers on traveling abroad, and for complete details of the Air France Family Plan, just send the coupon below.

**October 1 through March 31*

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683 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.
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☐ V.I.P. Travel Tips Abroad

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City_____ Zone____ State_____

V-5


## A NORTH AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

*(Continued from page 80)*

foundland stations and does not intend to get too far away from the excitement those metal sounds and sights and smells evoke.

Eating in Port aux Basques and Channel is a homey proposition. There is a choice between Mrs. Hann's family dining room (her rate, with meals, is $7 a day) or, curiously, one of two Chinese restaurants. At one of them, Harry's, unescorted three-year-old children climb stools to a soda fountain; inevitably prettily and neatly dressed, children here seem to become independent travellers as soon as they can walk. Cameras, post cards, and gifty things occupy a showcase, and a lavish selection of pulp-magazines lines one wall. The menu ambitiously lists over a hundred dishes, lobsters, steak, fish of the day, and Chinese specialties. Tom, Harry's son, came from Hong Kong to join his father several years ago and handles the sodas, the cameras, the teen-agers, and the busboy chores with swift grace. He is delighted to accept a steak order in the midst of the Coca Colas and is clearly touched to receive a request for Chicken Chop Suey. Although Harry's, in common with any other place between Port aux Basques and St. George's, 113 gritty miles away, does not have a liquor license, Tom will come up with some legal low-alcohol beer, "Country Club," with a frosty bite.

South of Port aux Basques there is only one place to go: Isle aux Morts. Beyond this settlement—Newfoundlanders call their seaside villages settlements—the whole south coast of the island is roadless, reachable only by boat. As the Isle on the map seemed only eight miles away, we set out late one afternoon to find it on a likely, but unmarked trail. The road, an ill-graded collection of stones and dirt with severe, unrailed drops, presented one frightening problem if a car approached from the other direction. None did. Wild with water situations, fresh water and salt water caught inland in fascinating surprises, the road rolls mysteriously through tundra-like moors that have neither trees nor people nor buildings. The next hill always promised a settlement on its other side, but never, on that trip, came through. Having gone eleven miles by the speedometer and full of misgivings about a place called Isle aux Morts anyway, we decided in the face of twilight to turn back. "Duckish" is a Newfoundlander word for the time between sunset and dark. This duckish was purply-blue, full of solitary enchantments.

The next day Mrs. Hann quickly told us that there was indeed an Isle aux Morts, twelve miles out; she, as a matter of fact, had some friends there and, though *we* seemed to consider the road abominable, a small bus was able to make it back and forth each day with no difficulty whatsoever. Reassured both by Mrs. Hann and the gold-washed morning sunlight, we took to the Isle aux Morts trail again and found it, a strange little settlement lost beside the ocean, where haggard, straight-haired women peeked out of their house doors to marvel at our New York license plates, and beautiful children followed us. Full of those chrome-coloured houses, overseen by a big white church. the settlement centres around a quiet, limpid harbour. One woman, smilingly untoothed, came out to watch me snap the harbour with my Polaroid. I developed the picture and showed it to her, apologizing for its lack of clarity because the film was bad. She retreated wordlessly to her teal-blue cottage.

The ingenuous, almost defiant curiosity of both grownups and children eventually drove us out of Isle aux Morts. Perhaps our purpose there, or lack of it, aroused suspicion. Not related to anybody at the various U. S. Air Bases that dot the island, neither hunters nor fishermen, we were among the few strangers, possibly the only ones, who had come merely to look. Mrs. Hann reported that a year ago two New York

*(Continued on page 138)*





This is how to move to Sutton Place

Sidney Blumenthal's posh-pile coating fabric, Dynel* modacrylic and mohair blended to absolute luxury — in American design original coats made by

Annis Furs
Dani Jrs.
Linker & Herbert
Dan Millstein
Modelia
Gordon Mfg. Co., Ltd.

At these and many fine stores throughout the country
Jordan Marsh,
*Boston, Mass.*
Eaton's of Canada
Chas. A. Stevens Co.,
*Chicago, Ill.*
H. & S. Pogue Co.,
*Cincinnati, Ohio*
The Higbee Co.,
*Cleveland, Ohio*
Neusteter's,
*Denver, Colo.*
Milwaukee-Boston Stores,
*Milwaukee, Wisc.*
Dayton's,
*Minneapolis and all stores*
Strawbridge & Clothier,
*Philadelphia, Pa.*
Kaufmann's,
*Pittsburgh, Pa.*
Cherry & Webb,
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B. Forman Co.,
*Rochester, N. Y.*
Joseph Magnin,
*San Francisco, Calif.*
Scruggs-Vandervoort, Inc.,
*St. Louis, Mo.*
Julius Garfinckel & Co.,
*Washington, D.C.*

Sutton Place, fabulous fabric from Sidney Blumenthal, the fabulous fabric man at One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
**A Division of Burlington Industries**
*Reg. T.M. Union Carbide Corp.

Burlington
QUALITY




Better surroundings just haven't been made. **Sutton Place,** lavish, luxurious coating fabric you'll naturally feel at home in. Sidney Blumenthal's **Sutton Place** is the 25th century posh pile-fabric blend of **Dynel®** modacrylic and mohair. This winter, while others shiver, you'll be toast. Buttered. In coats that are worth a fortune, yet only cost about **$100.**




TWEED MIST

TOILET WATER MIST . . . . . $2.25 TO $3.50
PERFUME . . . . . $2.75 TO $14
COLOGNE . . . . . $1.50 TO $5

PARIS, NEW YORK
BY LENTHÉRIC

A NEW MOVEMENT AFOOT... Step into a jet and—*whoosh!*—you're in Paris. Easier still, just step into an Enzel of Paris shoe. This promenade pump, for example, shown in marron doré; also in Parisian black and olivâtre green. Just one of many styles in the new Enzel collection for Fall. 10.99 and 12.99.

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Enzel OF PARIS

designs for living...

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Photographed on Russian Hill in San Francisco

**Dress**
**About $20.00**

**Knitmate**
**About $8.00**

**Pants**
**About $11.00**

DID YOU KNOW . . . famed designer Stephanie Koret will answer your personal fashion questions? Write *Dear Stephanie*, 611 Mission St., San Francisco, Calif. No charge, just enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

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KNIT DIVISION

# MELLOW TONES OF REDWOOD



**Jacket**
**About $11.00**

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■ Koret of California Go-Togethers stay faithful to their shape . . . and yours, because they're fashioned from Permathal® Everglaze® Cotton Knit by ALAMAC.

Saw-textured siding from

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SEE THIS EXCITING NEW DRESS COLLECTION AT FINE STORES EVERYWHERE

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*MONET, MASTER JEWELER, COMBINES TWO COLLAR NECKLACES, "CELESTA," $35, "DORIA," $7.50. PLUS TAX. AT FINE STORES.*

# jewelry in the golden manner of Monet




*The roses on your sheets say yes! Springmaid Fashion Sheets, of course. In prints, stripes, pastels, and whitest white...at better stores everywhere.*

# New Talon Zephyr . . . fabulous nylon closure with the feel and flex of fabric.

Coming through with flying colors: A beautifully cut wool dress appliqued with flags on the staff of a brilliant orange Talon Zephyr. The fashion uncluttered by the look and feel of hardware because Zephyr's new nylon coil design makes it as soft and flexible as fabric. The bright color will live forever, can't wear off. And it's virtually snag-proof . . . magically self-healing. (If fabric or thread should catch in coils, bend it in half to open and remove fabric. Then zip it down, zip it up and Zephyr "heals" itself!) Look for the fabulous Zephyr in exciting designs like the one shown here from **Marjorie Montgomery's** superb Fall collection.




TALON, INC. MEADVILLE, PA. • IN MEXICO, CIERRE RELAMPAGO S. A. DE C.V. • IN CANADA, LIGHTNING FASTENER COMPANY, LIMITED

EUGENIA OF FLORENCE SHOES MR. JOHN JR. HAT

# CUDDLECOAT

The late hours coat . . . the beautiful new shape to be in after dark. Follow the flattering rise of the waistline, circlet of black mink, jeweled buttons for more evening dash. Completely elegant in imported French worsted faille. Milium® lined for comfort in any weather. Charcoal grey or black. Sizes 5 to 15, 6 to 16. About $160. Petite Miss Co., Dept. U, 500 Seventh Ave., N. Y. 18. In Canada: Montroy Cloak Company, Ltd., Phillips Place Bldg., Montreal, Province Quebec.

Milium®
INSULATED
LINING



Which one's

the waist?

Hip-high waists are in. Waist-high waists are in. Rigid waistline rules are out. So **Richard Cole** took both waistlines, put them together in one lithe, long-waisted torso dress. Months from now the shape will be just as shapely, the pleats just as neat, the stole's lining just as lush. That's because of Acrilan.* Acrilan is in the dress (Cohama's Velgado of 70% Acrilan acrylic fiber, 30% rayon). Acrilan is in the stole lining (Beaunit pile of 100% Acrilan). Dry-clean it or even wash it—stole and all. The dress in grey. The stole in grey, with camel-colored pile lining. The scarf in camel-colored chiffon. Sizes 8 to 16, $70.00. Look for the red "A"-Acrilan trademark. Fabrics don't just get it . . . they earn it!

ACRILAN*
ACRYLIC FIBER
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*Chemstrand makes only the fiber; America's finest mills and manufacturers do the rest.* THE CHEMSTRAND CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y.1 • Plants: ACRILAN® ACRYLIC FIBER—Decatur, Ala. • CHEMSTRAND® NYLON—Pensacola, Fla.

TIMELESS ELEGANCE*

by

# ben barrack



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NAVY, GARNET, BROWN AND BLACK
REGULAR OR PETITE SIZES . . . 8 TO 18

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*If activity is your kind of living*

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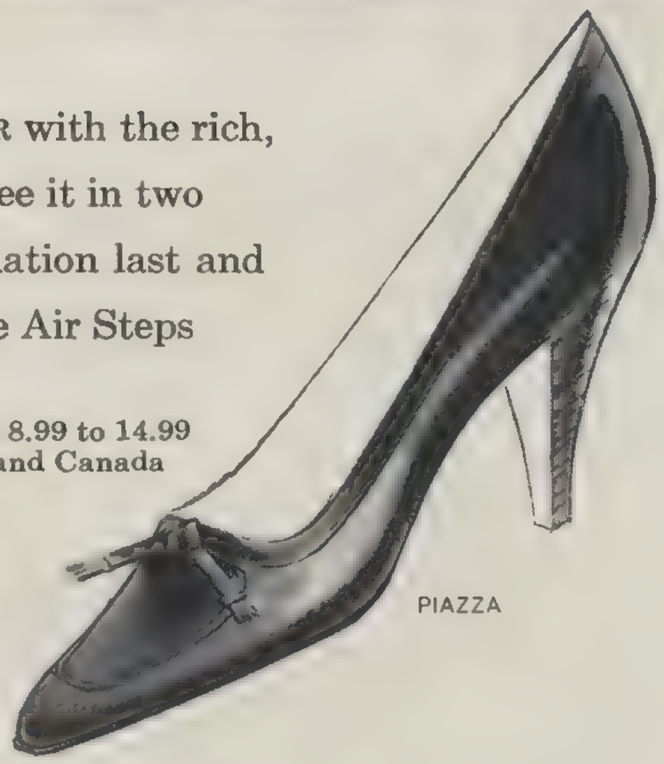




RIO

INTRODUCING A NEW KIND OF LEATHER with the rich, waxen softness of a fine kid glove. Here you see it in two tailored pumps—both with the combination last and cushioned MAGIC SOLE that make Air Steps fit and feel so wonderful. 14.99

Other styles, 8.99 to 14.99
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PIAZZA

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1960—twenty-fifth anniversary of Air Step Shoes

AIR STEP DIVISION, BROWN SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI. ALSO MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY BROWN SHOE COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., PERTH, ONTARIO

introducing
the new

*Crown Jewel*

collection

by

*Exquisite Form*®

brassieres




Conceived for the *one* woman in *three* who wants a truly luxurious brassiere, marvelously designed, superbly constructed, custom-finished. Created by the world's foremost designers—tailored by expert needleworkers—perfection-inspected—this Crown Jewel collection is ready to be placed in its proper setting—*your boudoir.*

**AS THE PREMIERE PRESENTATION...JUST A'JUST WITH RIBBON WIRE**

1. Custom-fit assured with this magic tab that adjusts to fit just your contour.
2. Wired with exclusive, flat, flexible RIBBON WIRE encased in softest cushioning, to give you the lift and contour you want . . . *comfortably.*
3. Re-inforced petal undercup for firmer uplift and control.
4. Ingenious gathered elastic sections prevent unsightly, uncomfortable gapping under the arms.
5. All elastic back stays with you . . . breathes with you.

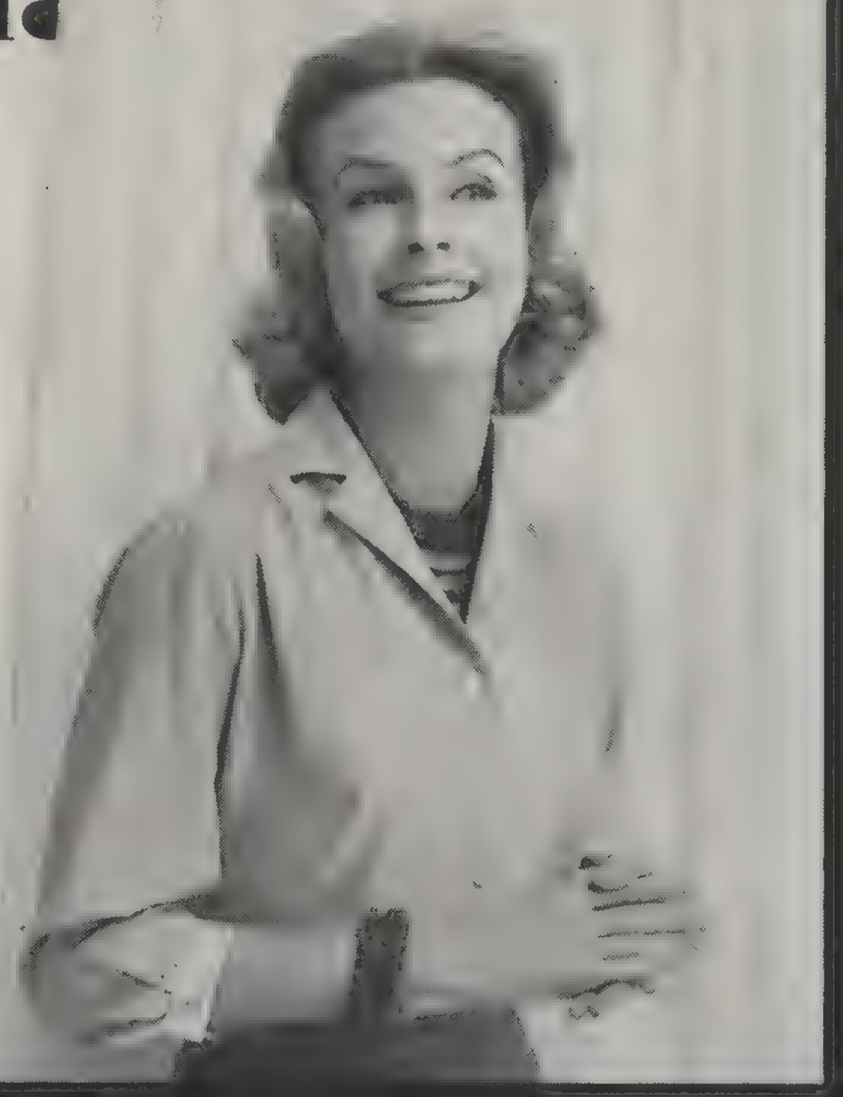
***Elastic in this bra of acetate, rubber, Dacron polyester.***

Available in magnificent white nylon lace (illus) **$5.95** In superbly-styled embroidered cotton **$3.95** (B, C *and* D cups in both styles) D cup in cotton slightly more.


PHOTO: RICHARD HEIMANN
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TIARA

*TM †Du Pont's Dacron Polyester

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BEAU IDEAL

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CONTOUR

*exclusive with*

# the pilot blouse

The silken air of crepe de chine—in Dacron Polyester†...that's Fantessa,* new scientific fabric achievement. They look and feel like fragile silk yet give fabulous care-free performance —because they're 100% textured Dacron. They resist wrinkles, thrive on rough-and-tumble machine washings, dry in a thrice, never need ironing. Opaque yet porous, won't cling, pill or pucker. Pilot tailors them with superb finesse...Dina Merrill wears them...and you will too in superb style! White, stone green, doeskin beige, mist blue, mauve pink, chamois gold. Sizes 30 to 38. About $7. At fine stores everywhere, or write The Kramer Co., Dept. 9V, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, N.Y.



HAT: MR. JOHN, SHOES: I. MILLER, PHOTO: SOKOLSKY

LOU GREEN OF CALIFORNIA gives a new course in classics:
the fresh clean look of the double-breasted coat, circa 1961;
the golden-touch of EINIGER 24K Cashmere. A galaxy of the
liveliest, loveliest colors imaginable. About $100.00.

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*or write: Einiger Mills, Inc., 350 5th Ave., N. Y. 1*




# TUDOR SQUARE takes a good look...and makes the most of it!

No two ways about it—Mary Blair has designed this clever changeabout group to express a whole gamut of fashionable ways to look! The sleeveless jumper dress holds its own alone with a beautiful simplicity, or makes suitable alliance with a matching braid-trimmed jacket. The jacket, in turn, pairs with a bow-trimmed skirt and jewel-necked blouse of supple silk. Shown here in featherweight diagonally woven Shetland of sandstone, the same co-ordinates come also in treebark brown Shetland or imported yarn-dyed flannel of banker's grey. All are in sizes 8 to 18 and 7 to 15. The dress, about $25; the jacket, about $30; the skirt, about $18; the blouse, about $12. *Tudor Square fashions are found in famous stores throughout the country; for the name of the one close to you, write: Tudor Square, 1407 Broadway, New York 18.*



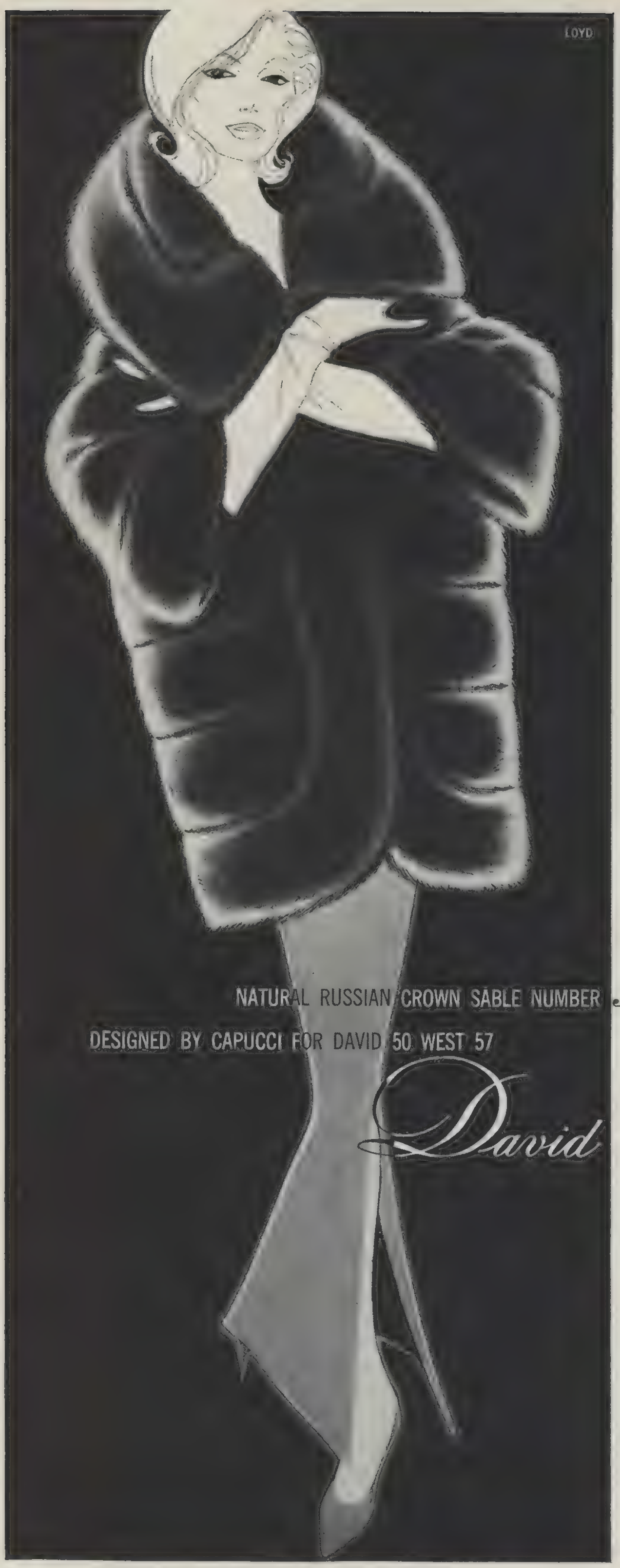
*the magic word in fashion...*

Jacqueline

*Fair and pointier...Autumn pump forecast. Jacqueline does them with high polish, adds glowy buckle or "widow's-peak" overlay. Creamy leathers. 12.99 to 14.99.*

Dress by Townley

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI • A Division of Brown Shoe Company


LOYD
NATURAL RUSSIAN CROWN SABLE NUMBER 33
DESIGNED BY CAPUCCI FOR DAVID 50 WEST 57
David

working
pen
in
a
paris
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paper : mate
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*Glitter without End*

*. . . a symphony of brilliance and excitement captured in dramatic form—and gem-set like the world's finest jewels. Pins $10 to $20. Earrings $10, Bracelet $13.50. Prices plus tax.*

# Eisenberg Ice

*Eisenberg Jewelry, 22 West Madison Street, Chicago*
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*Authentic only when trademarked Eisenberg • Eisenberg designs copyrighted*


Superb Chantilly, made in France
exclusively for VANITY FAIR
Just about the lovely-est lace we've ever seen. Here in stock, matching our new petticoat of soft nylon
satin-gleaming nylon tricot, 10.95. One of a group with this exquisite lace.
Vanity Fair Mills, Inc., 640 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.


jon McCauley
has designs on you...
THE CUMMERBUND SHEATH ABOUT $40. THE BATEAU NECKLINE SHEATH ABOUT $35.
ROY H. BJORKMAN • C. J. GAYFER • FROST BROS. • JAY THORPE • MILGRIM, DETROIT • RICH'S
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# Close-up of the clean-cut look: girls in ORLON®

ACRYLIC FIBER

**ROBERT SLOAN'S** St. Patrick's Day separates in September—the greeniest green ever seen in fiber-sealed jersey of **80% "Orlon"*acrylic and 20% wool.** Giddy and uninhibited, yet pleats stay pleat-y, shape stays shape-y, wrinkles almost never happen. Know why? It's "Orlon", the genii fiber that machine-washes, drip-dries, practically outlaws ironing. Skirt, about $18; pants, about $18; shirts, about $15 each. In yellow too, 8-16. At Marshall Field & Co., Chicago; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Best & Co., Fifth Avenue, New York; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.

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ENJOY "THE DU PONT SHOW WITH JUNE ALLYSON," MONDAY NIGHTS, ON CBS-TV.

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*"ORLON" IS DU PONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER. DU PONT MAKES FIBERS, DOES NOT MAKE THE FABRIC OR FASHIONS SHOWN HERE.


This is the look; this is
the news at your feet, autumn '60.
Great slimness, tremendous dash, delightful flattery.
Sketched here, Magical in burnished calfskin.
ACCENT SHOES are priceless high fashion
at only 10.95 to 12.95 . . .
a few styles slightly higher.
Accent®
SHOES
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My **JAMI** blouse proves it! Klopman wove the fabric – there's no finer fabric made. 100% TEXTURED "DACRON"* POLYESTER. Jami chooses it for exclusive "Crepe de Lite," (the priceless fabric with the look, the touch, the luxury of silk) in a Paris-inspired tunic blouse that gives everything it's worn with a sleek ensemble look. In beige, gold, white, stone green or blue. Sizes 32 to 38. About $7. Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Illinois; The Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio; The J. L. Hudson Company, Detroit, Michigan; Famous Barr, St. Louis, Missouri and other fine stores. KLOPMAN MILLS, INC., 450 Seventh Ave., N.Y. 18, N.Y.




Try it on
for
romance

# Red Roses Cologne by Yardley

The *first* true-rose fragrance. A thousand thousand just-gathered crimson roses speak for you in light yet long-lasting cologne! And in new *Spray Mist*, frosty *After Bath Freshener*, silky *Bath Powder*, *Talc* and *Soap*. *From $1.50 plus tax.*




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COMET...a blaze of excitement created with golden or platinum-toned Trifanium. Necklace 7.50. Bracelet 6.00. Pin 5.00. Earrings 5.00. Prices plus tax




THEY FLY PROUDLY OVER PARIS...

Small wonder, these are the silk and woolen fabrics that the leading Paris couturiers selected for shaping their important new Collections!

These are the French fabrics that American designers choose for their famous creations too. Look for these names on the clothes that you buy...they represent the best from France.

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**MOONGLOW** by *Barbizon*

A superb new slipling in palely elegant champagne Satin de Lys®. Bodice and hem caressed by an extravagance of fine French Alençon lace, looking light as a kiss. The same pure excitement in black ice or vanilla parfait. Custom sizing . . . and silken smooth without the touch of anything, but you! $13.00. Just ask for "Celeste" from our new collection of no-iron Satin de Lys® at the finer stores.

Satin de Lys® is 60% Nylon, 25% Dacron-Polyester, 15% Silk

Wig by Carita

*Guest at the Manhattan home of Jay Dorf. Note the generous wrap-over on his Viyella robe—a night-owl's guarantee against drafts.*

# The awful risk of giving English Viyella to a man

GIVE a man a Viyella robe and he may never want to get dressed again. A risk. But you can't blame him.

Viyella is miraculous stuff. Warm and soft—yet the whole robe weighs only 18 ounces. It's like being hugged by a friendly ghost. The robe also has a disappearing act—packs into a brief case.

*Further warning:* Choose a pattern you won't mind looking at for years. Some say Viyella *improves* with age. The more you wash it, the softer it gets.

State O'Maine tailors Viyella robes in foulards, herringbones, checks, solid shades, and thundering tartans. About $32.

For store names, write to William Hollins & Co., 347 Madison Avenue, New York 17. Or call MUrray Hill 4-7330.

**Never be bamboozled** by something that sounds like Viyella—but isn't. The real thing is spun in England of 55 per cent pure lamb's wool and 45 per cent cotton. For sixty-six years, copycats have tried to duplicate Viyella. None has succeeded. Viyella



Lassie's knowing hand is obviously behind these two charmingly understated creations. As your eyes applaud the beauty, your imagination can view the wide selection of colors. Both in Misses sizes 8 through 18. **Each $49.95.** For your local store write: Lassie Maid, Dept. V-9, 512 Seventh Avenue, New York 18 , N. Y. Prices are higher West of the Rockies.

**LASSIE MAID**

AUSTRALIA: LASSIE, 263 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY • EUROPE: LASSIE, HERENGRACHT 418, AMSTERDAM • CANADA: LASSIE, 395 MAYOR STREET, MONTREAL





## A NORTH AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

*(Continued from page 104)*

schoolteachers had stayed a week at her place. They had arrived during the hunting season but stayed in town while their husbands went into the forests for moose; their position was more defendable than ours.

The Newfoundland Government does little to encourage tourism. Knowing what a shock their roads are and how limited their accommodations, they prefer, right now, not to disappoint. A sportsman who flies in, gets both a guide he has reserved in advance to show him around the rivers and the forests, and a cabin well-stocked with food and liquor, will not notice any disadvantages. The motoring sightseer, on the other hand, will be astonished at the distance one has to drive to see a sign of life, to have a meal. or to rent a room. But he will relish the rewards.

The northern route out of Port aux Basques, towards the big prosperity town of Corner Brook, booming with the largest integrated pulp and paper mill in the world, winds by Grand Bay, a Technicolor dream of a fishing village. Grey-green mountains rise grandly on the right and constantly among them glitter lakes—mirrors, many of them, that have never been broken by intruding fishermen or bathers. On the left the crisp blue Gulf of St. Lawrence stretches endlessly.

Sheep lie peacefully right at road centre and sometimes stand up lazily to watch as you drive around them. With similar calm, horses roam the highway, and one wonders at their owner's confidence that they will find their way back home. Every twenty miles or so a cluster of inhabited shacks looms up, one of them a store carrying a short supply of Coca Cola, cigarettes, canned goods. And then, as the map and a dusty sign points out, there will be a narrow side road, leading to the sea once more and another settlement.

St. Andrew's, for instance, with some fifteen houses and a rather big, square church hidden among trees. Unlike Nova Scotia, churches and schools and stores are not labelled here. The people who live there know what things are and presumably nobody else would care. At St. Andrew's, we asked the shy woman storekeeper if there was a post card of the village, thinking to send one to a non-saintly friend, name of Andrews. She directed us to the "greige, aboot foive miles down that way." To me, whether the owner was by ancestry Irish, French, or pure English, the Newfoundland accent always seemed vaguely Scottish. But Newfoundland historians claim that in many of its outports the language is pronounced exactly as it was in Devonshire in Shakespeare's time.

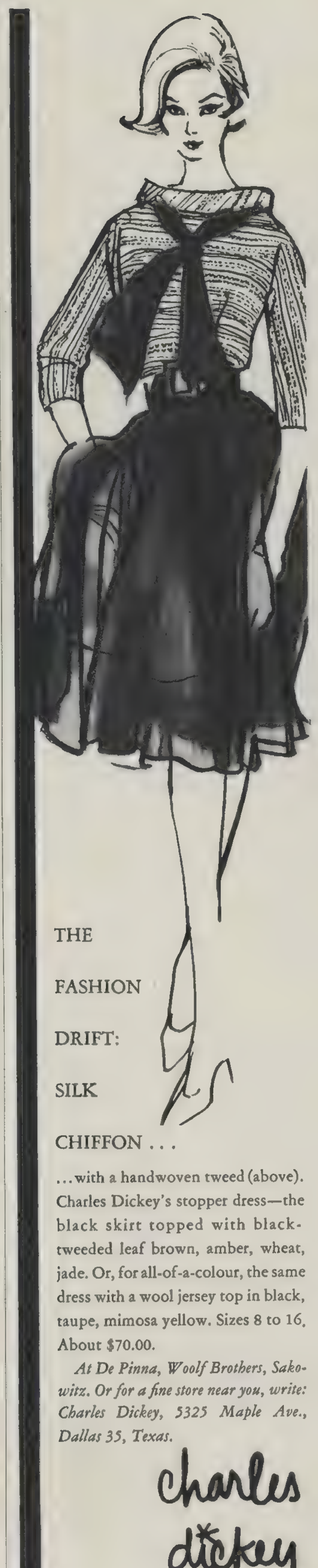
Needless to say, the "greige," as we came to know, meant garage, had no post cards either. This part of Newfoundland is almost totally deficient in photographically-captured evidence of its beauty. The few post cards of Port aux Basques show, instead of its charming houses, its railroad station.

Another side road leads to the Codroy Valley, marked by fertile farmland, a rare sight in Newfoundland, where Premier Smallwood's four-hundred-acre farm near St. John's is one of the largest cleared areas in the Province. At O'Regan's, a lonely Catholic cemetery overlooks a quiet bay. Amid a tousle of weeds, tangerine day lilies rest peacefully along with a number of Irishmen, almost exclusively called Ryan or Downey.

Back on the highway we passed some of the best fishing rivers in the Province, and had lunch on a rock in the middle of one of them, a picnic composed from things in the car ice chest. Salmon up to forty pounds are taken from these rivers from June 5 to September 15, and a number of small cabin colonies for sportsmen can be found on the side roads.

At the off-highway settlement called Robinson's, we left a tire at a garage to be fixed, not an

*(Continued on page 140)*



THE FASHION DRIFT: SILK CHIFFON . . .

. . . with a handwoven tweed (above). Charles Dickey's stopper dress—the black skirt topped with black-tweeded leaf brown, amber, wheat, jade. Or, for all-of-a-colour, the same dress with a wool jersey top in black, taupe, mimosa yellow. Sizes 8 to 16. About $70.00.

*At De Pinna, Woolf Brothers, Sakowitz. Or for a fine store near you, write: Charles Dickey, 5325 Maple Ave., Dallas 35, Texas.*

Charles Dickey

Christian Dior-New York



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HAT: CHRISTIAN DIOR, NEW YORK PHOTOGRAPHY: PETER FINK




## A NORTH AMERICAN PRIMITIVE

*(Continued from page 138)*

infrequent requirement. I asked if the town of Heatherton were, as the map indicated, up a road to the right. Assured that it was, we drove some five miles along a narrow road and found Heatherton—a couple of small houses on each side of the road. Farther on, the road constricted to little more than a path through the woods, winding at times near violet-strewn cliffs high over the sea. Suddenly, precipitously down in a valley where Fishels River joins the sea, cows and hoary fishing shacks stood on the ocean beach, and parts of animal skeletons, bleached pure white from the water and sun, rested in the sand like pieces of sculpture. I stowed away one big one, which looked like a moose head, to later startle the American customs inspector when he opened the trunk of the home-going car. Back at the garage when we picked up the tire, the proprietor asked, "Well, did you do the town?"

St. George's is the first real town on the highway. In an area almost as big as California, only five towns have more than 5,000 people. St. George's is not one of them, but it does have, according to the map symbol, around a thousand. We stayed at its leading hotel, the White House, where the White sisters, who lived in New York for some years, preferred to come back to rent their seven rooms at $7 per day, meals included. Noting a few flower seed plantings marked off in the small yard, I said to one of the Misses White that I had so far seen hardly any domesticated flowers in the Province. Why not, since they obviously could grow there? "Oh, we plant flowers," she said vaguely, not specifying where. We never did find many. Newfies, as they do not like to be called but are, have not yet entered into competition with each other either in gardens or lawns.

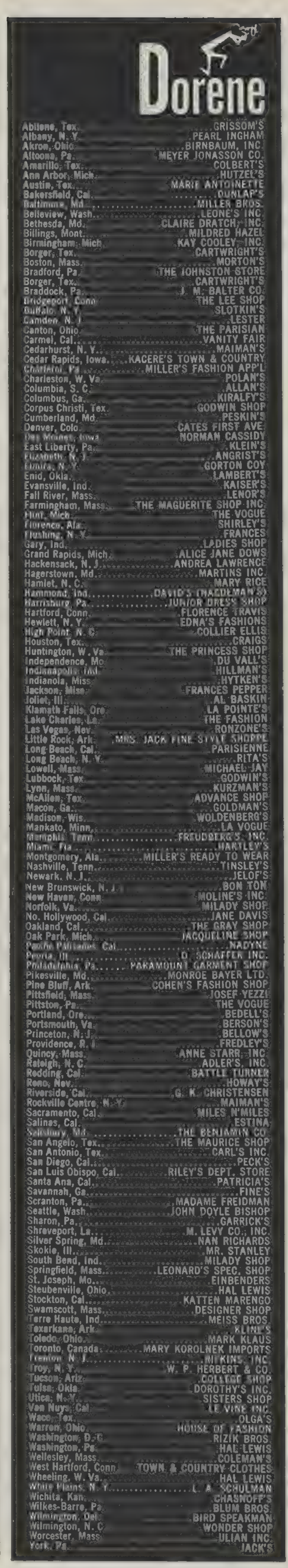
Nor are there old houses to admire in St. George's, one of the oldest towns on the west coast of England's oldest North American colony. The White House Hotel was built on the site of another hotel, burned down perhaps twenty years ago, that had been built on the site of a previous one, also burned down. One suspects that fire constantly wipes away history in these wooden villages.

At Stephenville Crossing (on the road signs, Stephenville Xing) we spanned St. George's River on a narrow, one-way railroad bridge, slowly, behind two girl walkers. Motorists share the bridge with pedestrians, and each takes his proper place in line.

We were now in the American sector, gliding, for a change, on paved roads into Stephenville, where the big United States Ernest Harmon Air Force Base is announced by a sign, "Peace is our profession." A shaggy, low-flung town that grew around the air base, Stephenville has the busy, unsure look of a village surprised by prosperity, without any definite plans for handling it. There are bars and cocktail lounges, rarities for Newfoundland, and everywhere babies being wheeled by mothers in shorts and slacks, some American, some Newfoundland-born; over 30,000 Newfoundland girls have married the American servicemen based around the island. At a shiny supermarket, we bought more food for river-and-ocean-side *al fresco* dining, received change in American dollars, and putting, reluctantly, more northerly and easterly exploration of Newfoundland off to another summer, started back the rocky road to Port aux Basques.

There Mrs. Hann told us, with a dreamy look in her eye, that we must come some autumn, during the hunting season. For caribou and moose the season starts September 12 and extends, for caribou, through October 29, for moose until New Year's Eve. During those crisp days, the air crackles with excitement, and, practically to a man, Newfoundlanders take to the woods.

As some people covet the glimpse of a deer, Newfoundlanders do a moose. Right next door and just two days ago, Mrs. Hann's small daughter had seen one. We felt as if we had, too.



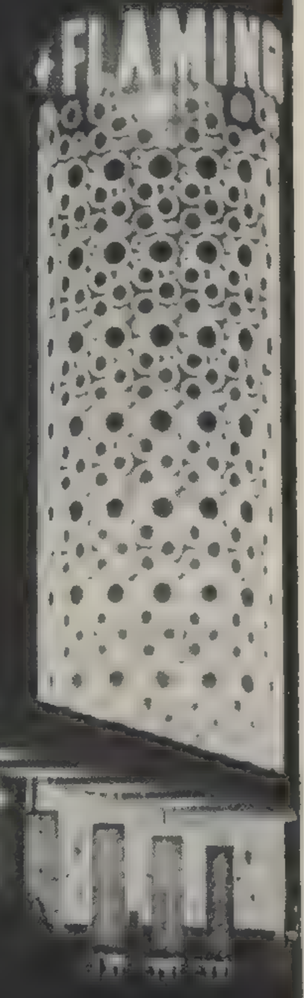
Photographed at the Flamingo Hotel
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Las Vegas, Nevada

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Dorene interprets the elegance of Italian wool knits.

LEFT
Figure flattering Italian wool knit sheath,
rolled collar into bodice yoke,
leather details, colors: heather grey,
moss green, brandy or black; sizes: 8-20.
About $55.00 slightly higher on West coast.

RIGHT
Italian wool knit sheath, clinging to the figure line;
contrasting wool insert at neckline;
ending in fringed scarf on bodice;
colors: black or brandy; sizes 8-16.
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# Vogue's Travelog

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### Vermont

Among Vermont's permanent pleasures are its sampler New England villages, its miles of winding, wooded roads, the flash of its rocky creeks, the splash of baby waterfalls.

"Vermont is a state I love," said Calvin Coolidge, who was born in the back room of a country store in the village of Plymouth. Up the road, Coolidge's son, John B., runs a thriving cheese factory.

In Manchester, known for its marble-paved, elm-lined walks, the register of one inn on the village Common lists—among the visitors for the summer of 1864—the names of Mary Todd Lincoln and her two sons, Tad and Robert; Robert Todd Lincoln's farm, nearby, is now run by his granddaughter. The Shelburne Museum, seven miles south of Burlington, has an impressive, month-old addition: the Webb Gallery of American Art, a collection gathered by Mrs. J. Watson Webb, who founded the Museum in 1947. Reflecting her sharp, sure judgement, the Webb Gallery has some two hundred paintings by eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Americans.

As traditional as the leaves turning, the Trail Ride organized by the Green Mountain Horse Association takes place over Labor Day weekend when about seventy riders start off each morning from Woodstock green.

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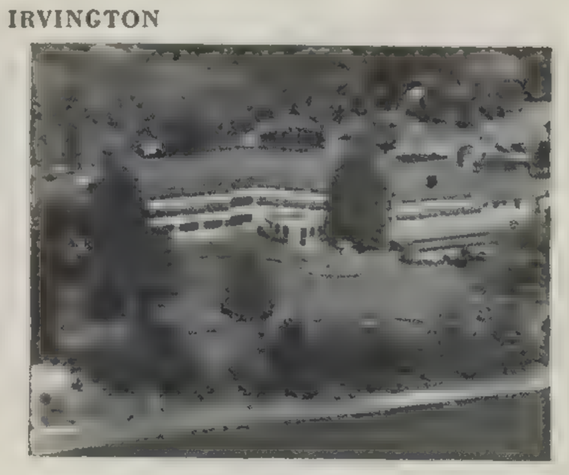
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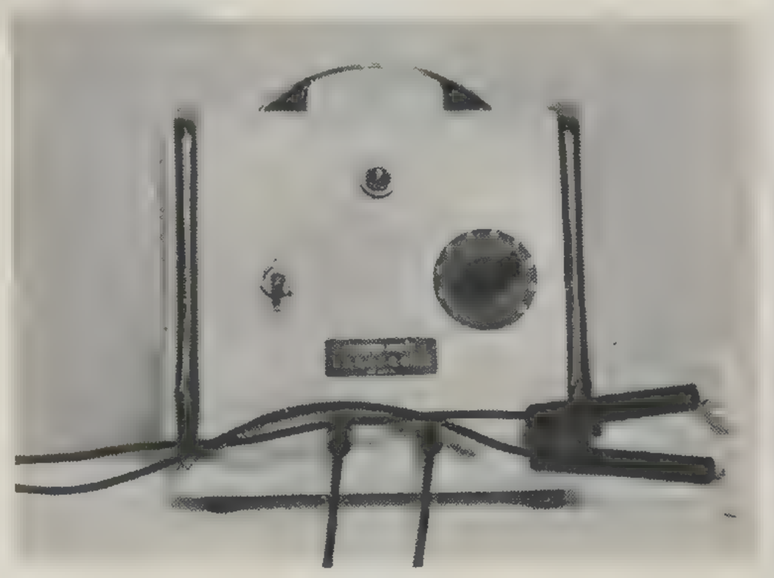




FUJIKI

# New plug-in power for facial exercise

From one of the most knowing salons in the whole new field of facial beauty-by-electricity comes the machine shown here, an exerciser called the Tonatrone. Elisabeth Ungar developed it as a portable home unit for the woman who can't manage regular salon treatments ("Then Mahomet goes to the mountain," she says). The Tonatrone is based on the principle that electric power can pro tem for will power in working-out muscles. Conscientious use of the machine can take up chin slack, smooth out lines, lift and tighten the jawline—all by exercising and firming facial muscles. Stepped-up circulation is a fringe benefit. The Tonatrone is about the size of a non-transistor radio, has two small applicators (above) for simultaneous, balanced pull on both sides of the face. (We're told there are additional applicators that can be used for exercising breast muscles.) A Tonatrone routine would call for about 25 minutes a day for a facial workout. The machine, with a 6-week supply of gauze sleeves for applicators: $139 plus tax, at the Elisabeth Ungar salon.




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*Both robes are styled by Dorian and piped with satin. Besides the shades above, they come in lacquer red or blue on antique white. Sizes 10-20.*

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# AROUND THE WORLD IN THREE MEALS

BY CLARENCE B. RANDALL

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Clarence B. Randall, who is special assistant to President Eisenhower on matters of foreign economic policy and was head of the Inland Steel Company, has interests as varied as an encyclopaedia index. One of these interests is food. In this article, with an amusing tweezer, he picks out what would make, for him, an enchanting around-the-world eating itinerary. For the reader, there is solid nourishment here from a man with a well-travelled palate.*

If one day soon, I could be instantly transported to any point in the world that I might choose, I would not be caught with my knife and fork down. I am prepared. I have an eating programme, and others, remembering how people thought that Jules Verne was too far out, might be well-advised to make their plans, too. Here, for inspiration, is my schedule—not only every meal, but each separate course to be taken precisely where I prefer. One dirty look from the waiter, and off I go, waving my cosmic credit card at him as I disappear up the ventilating shaft.

For my breakfast orange juice: to Turkey, where the orange juice is the best in the world. Any spot will do, for the oranges are superb everywhere in that wonderful country, but nicest of all would be a balcony overlooking the coast of Antalya, along the Mediterranean.

The setting for the perfect omelette is in Central France, near the Loire River—an *auberge*, with a red-tiled roof and an old lady to serve me in front of a big stone chimney; she, dressed immaculately in black, wearing a white apron and a lace cap. In her hand she will have an ancient copper skillet, passed on to her by her grandmother. She will break the eggs in front of me and place them over a fire of twigs brought in from the fagot pile. Acrobat that she is, she will both blow on the fire and hold the skillet steady at the same time. And when the creamy omelette is done, it will go straight from her pan to my plate.

For toast I will go anywhere but to the United States. Give me an underprivileged country every time for breakfast toast. Give me, to pinpoint the matter, the toast of Lebanon, served on a balcony of the Hotel St. George in Beirut looking out over the harbour toward the snow-capped mountains on the other side. (The marmalade, dark in colour, sharp on the palate, will, of course, be English.)

The difficult decisions to be made on the matter of pancakes I shall resolve as follows. For my first plateful, I will go to Kenyon Ranch in Arizona, just north of Nogales, and there, while gazing at the Santa Rita Mountains and the snow on Old Baldy, I will sample that delectable secret formula which Sis Allen has so successfully and so long hidden from inquisitive dudes. Then up and away to the Randall Island on Lake Michigamme in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, where I will make myself four pancakes from my own secret formula.

For these, the maple syrup will come from a maple forest near the tip of Michigan's Keweenaw Peninsula, where it juts into Lake Superior. When I have slipped the cakes from the turner directly onto my plate, I will look out the big window over the lake towards a flock of pine siskins, or even a black-billed cuckoo.

For the coffee, I would proceed to Sweden and a small restaurant in one of Stockholm's suburbs, unless I decide to switch to one in the centre of the city of Uppsala, where I could watch and hear the big blond men go by, deep in guttural argument, completely oblivious of the stranger.

To read my morning paper after breakfast, I should probably drop down in a chair on the

Champs-Élysées in Paris, making sure that I paid the woman with the collector's leather pouch whatever small sum might be due her.

Should I need a touch of intermediate refreshment by mid-morning, I would hop across the Channel to England. Of all the great cultural traditions that the British have passed on to their fellow men, none is more praiseworthy than the establishment of "elevenses." A small spot of tea, or a pot of coffee barely exposed to hot milk, this ritualistic English pause is a great boon. I shall observe the ancient custom in the first place of refreshment that I come to in Devon or Shropshire, for they will all do well by me.

But, if it is raining, I'll head instead for a sunny terrace on the crest of the hill of Sancerre in Central France. There, while I examine the valley of the Loire and the romantic battlements of the Château of Peseau, where I was billeted in the First World War, I will thoughtfully sip a glass of the justly famous dry white Sancerre wine.

A period of quiet contemplation will then be urgently required, for to choose wisely from all the riches available for lunch will call for my very best effort. Admirable places will have to be passed over: Store Kro, just outside the King's summer palace in Denmark, with its delicate blue table linen and exquisite service; and the roof-top dining room of the Palace Hotel in Helsinki, Finland, with its enormous harbour-view windows.

Shall I begin my luncheon with a *pâté de foie gras*, or some other equally enticing *pâté de maison?* If so, I shall certainly drop in at La Pyramide at Vienne, near Lyons, and choose a table beneath the plane trees in the garden. But it would be unwise to linger long, for the spell of the late proprietor, M. Pointe, is still on the place, and I might not have the power to move on. Once, although I am known as an "eager amateur ornithologist," I ate a thrush there as an appetizer, not knowing what it was.

Or should I begin with a Charentais melon. In that case, my table would be by the window at Château de Madrid, high on the Moyenne Corniche above Nice. From there, admiring the Villefranche harbour, I would see an American cruiser riding at anchor, with duty boats moving back and forth filled with sailors on shore leave.

Fillet of sole must be next, done with the simplest of sauces, but the decision of *which* sole can not be lightly taken. To most travellers sole means Dover sole, caught in British waters but prepared by the French. Conforming to tradition, I would sit under the trellis of the Closerie des Lilas, on the left bank in Paris. Honourable mention, however, would have to go to a sole-like fish from the straits of the Bosporus and beautifully served in Istanbul.

If I passed up sole, I would be found at Talloires, on the shore of Lake Annecy, as a guest at the Auberge du Père Bise, where Marius would put before me what is perhaps the most delicious fish in the world, the *ombre chevalier*. Not a half-dozen hours earlier it would have been swimming deep in the clear cold waters of that beautiful lake.

The entrée would have to be game, of course, and here a three-way decision will have to be faced. Since my purpose is travel, I will rule out my all-time favourite, a ruffed grouse, waiting for me by an ancient pine on an old logging road up near Lake Superior. Cooked in my own house, this grouse would be basted in currant jelly and presented on a bed of wild rice.

Instead I will settle for the French *perdreau*. Whether you see it in flight across a meadow in the Seine valley or steaming hot on a plate, you'll never forget the *perdreau*, a young member of the partridge family. In early October, every farmer in the *perdreau* country of France takes to the open fields with his gun and dog, shooting not for the pot but for the market. About three days later the *perdreau* appears in every fine restaurant. Not so with our partridge, the ruffed grouse. You can not buy one in a restaurant. If you want one, you must come to my house.

So I will head for the rustic inn, La Providence, at Jouy, pausing first for a moment in the Cathedral at Chartres to wonder

*(Continued on page 156)*












# AROUND THE WORLD IN THREE MEALS

*(Continued from page 155)*

at the blues and reds of its Tree of Jesse window. I can see the *perdreau* now, round and plump almost to bursting (I think they must die of fright for there are never any shot holes), lying on a piece of toast spread with goose liver, and carrying across its breast a broad slice of bacon.

About the British grouse: once I had grouse for luncheon in London, and *perdreau* in Paris for dinner on the same day; even then I could not be sure as to which I preferred. So here I will take grouse from Scotland, to be served in the Savoy Grill in London.

In this category there is that great delicacy of Finland, the *heinäsorsa* which freely translated means wild duck. Even in Finnish, however, the word is inadequate; no duck is quite so wild as one which has just flown down from the Arctic. I would have mine in Helsinki's Savoy restaurant.

If my conscience were clear in the matter of bathroom scales, I would, for dessert, sweep down on Cairo, Egypt. There, by the window of the floating restaurant, Omar Khayyám, I could sit in the middle of the Nile. Feluccas would be sailing by, with dark-skinned men in white garments and bare feet climbing up the masts to furl and unfurl the sails and to lower and raise the spars. I have not the slightest idea of what my dessert, called *konafa*, consists, nor do I care. Textured like shredded wheat, it tastes a mystery of honey, nuts, and coconut.

If I wanted fruit instead, I would go to Switzerland to the simple Hotel Bellevue in Broc, just outside the old city of Gruyère, for a big bowl of *mûres*, those unique, purplish-black, wild mulberries. Or I would go to Aulanko, in Finland far north of Helsinki, and there, by a shining lake, sample *lakka*, large, luscious, yellowy-white berries that grow on moist land and are sometimes called cloudberries.

So much for lunch.

In the midst of a day so exciting, a rest period seems sage. For this: the eastbound steamer "Mauretania," starboard side. On that sun deck in a steamer chair, rug tucked around me, hat pulled down over my eyes, I would spend two blissful hours. When teatime came, my immediate temptation would be to go down to the Main Lounge for a leisurely cup and a biscuit, while the orchestra played Strauss waltzes. But this would not be in keeping with the plot.

So—to Paris, the place for tea—not at the Ritz, but in the Bois—not at four, but at five-thirty. There comes over you as you drive slowly out through the Bois de Boulogne in the late afternoon a sense of dignity and calm, not to be had in any other great city that I know. The Pré-Catelan has just the right *ambiance* for the cup of tea, provided the orchestra is playing softly in the background.

I must not linger too long. The supreme challenge is at hand: dinner. Course by course I shall make my choices, looking first to the place itself, then to the character of the dish. I face an extraordinary opportunity, and I feel keenly my responsibility to posterity.

Sweden, for the first course: *assietters*, the Swedish word for hors d'oeuvres. The Grand Hotel in Stockholm would do well, or, better still, the Riche restaurant. Long tables spread with a smörgåsbord are so rich in diverse delicacies that even the chef couldn't tell you how many there are. Like the "musing organist who lets his fingers wander as they list," he improvises from day to day, trying out new creations each time. Were there a calorie ticket on each dish, dinner would finish at this point.

For soup, to Portofino, Italy, and minestrone. As I sit at the outside railing of a small restaurant, high on the overhanging rock, yachts will ride at anchor below me, laughter floating up. Just ahead, I shall see the golden light of the moon shining through the ruins of the old castle on the hill.

Only by a photo finish, however, do I choose Portofino's minestrone over *bisque d'homard* at Le Coq Hardy in Bougival some ten miles out of Paris. Nowhere else is lobster soup quite so satisfying.

For the fish course, there would be a wide difference of opinion among my travelling com-

panions. Some would plump for the Norway lobster; others for *coquille de fruits de mer*, so handsomely done in Normandy, where a sample of every fish and crustacean the chef can get his hands on is served hot on a shell under a creamy cheese sauce. My wife would ask for the common hake of England, done so convincingly at the Bull Hotel in Fairford, Gloucestershire, on the clear and cold little fishing stream called the Coln.

Without hesitation, I finally choose the *quenelles de brochet*, that cunning French glorification of the meatball in which decimated pike is made supremely appetizing. The place will be Col de la Luère at the justly renowned Mère Brazier, high on the mountainside overlooking Lyons, and the lower Rhone valley. Of course, the driver will scare me to death as he brings me down those hairpin turns after dinner, but to dine gloriously one must be ready to live dangerously.

Now for the main course —it might be argued that the straightforward thing would be to settle for a steak—just a fine piece of meat, faultlessly cooked. The place for that would be the charmingly intimate Hotel Aviz in Lisbon, Portugal, where the slightest whisper, the merest gesture to the waiter is instantly effective.

I might order *wiener schnitzel*, done by Sacher's in Vienna. A half-dozen nationalities would be recognized at that many tables as I glanced about the stately, time-honoured dining room. But the pianist would react on the instant, and swing into "way down upon the Swanee Ribber" as I took my place.

A strong point could be made for roast duck with orange at the Tour d'Argent in Paris, if for no other reason than just to watch the operation of the ancient silver press and the continuous basting with the resultant juices. By following the ritual and preserving the numbered card, I could compare the serial number with the one Emily and I received on our first visit in 1930.

Since my will alone is in charge, I choose *rognons flambés*, that superb masterpiece of French culinary art which not even the most arrogant American hotel cook would dare to essay: calf's kidney brought to the table in a blazing saucepan, covered with a tangy, tawny sauce that breathes of brandy. I can scarcely write of it without being overcome with emotion. The place must be the Berkeley, just off the Champs-Élysées in Paris. Somehow the right people are always fellow guests there—lively, but well mannered; intelligent, but not obtrusively; unabashed by the check, but not offensively rich; it is a rewarding restaurant in which to celebrate a happy occasion.

After dinner, I might stay right on at the Berkeley for a *tarte aux framboises*. I have enjoyed an extraordinarily broad experience with patisserie, including cherry tarts at the Bristol in Vienna, but none can compare with the Berkeley's raspberry tarts.

A change of scenery is part of this game, however. Vienna reminds me that I would have to weigh thoughtfully those *Pfannkuchen* with chocolate at the Drei Husaren. This takes me to the whole group of dessert pancakes —those of Sweden with lingonberries, those of France the inevitable crépes suzette. For these I would go to the dining *salon* of the old, long-gone liner "Paris." There the preparation was as satisfactory as the taste; the maître d'hôtel, the craftsman. His sureness of touch with the orange, his sweep of arm with the powdered sugar, his decisive dash with the cognac had no parallel.

My final decision on dessert, however, will place me at a table window in the Tour d'Argent, ready for the optimum delight, a soufflé Grand Marnier. The hour will be ten o'clock on a Saturday evening. Just as the heavenly dish has been placed before me with infinite care, the restaurant lights will go out, leaving as the only illumination the soft, reflected glow from Notre Dame, where the floodlights have just been turned on. As that monument's majesty possesses me, I shall want to hear no spoken word before the lights come gently on again.

After the Tour d'Argent I will head for bed. No ordinary bed will do. It must be deep, soft, warm, for I shall open the window on a crisp, cool night with every star shining down in approving splendour. This means Copenhagen and the Hotel d'Angleterre where I shall go to sleep balancing the absurd, wonderful puff that tucks in at no point at all.

When my daughter read this, she asked, "Soda mints in South Africa, I suppose?"




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# "THE INTERVIEWER ISN'T THERE"

## The peculiarities of the hard sell of authors on TV and radio

BY CYNTHIA LINDSAY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A pretty woman who has amused eyes for the eccentrics of the world—and to her most people are fairly eccentric—Cynthia Lindsay has put a number of them into her new book,* The Natives Are Restless, *recently published by Lippincott. Although she comes from Connecticut, she lives in Southern California with her husband and her two children. A few years ago she wrote, in collaboration with George Burns,* I Love Her, That's Why, *followed solo by* Mother Climbed Trees.

Personally, I'd rather not write than be President.

There is, however, one thing to be said for writing a book; there must be. After endless tortured hours alone with a typewriter, battling through periods when the head doesn't work, periods of awful certainty that if it sounds good, it isn't, a writer can write down those two most beautiful words in the language: not "I do," but simply "The End."

One would think that after those months of harrowing labour, capped by that single glorious moment, one could reap a harvest of peace, wouldn't one? If one did think so, one would be out of one's ever-lovin' mind. Because one is just beginning; one now has to *get out there and sell it, honey.*

A new element has crept into American literature: merchandising. The moment those lovely hard covers are snapped shut, the hard sell begins. The publisher's publicity staff urges the author into television, radio, and women's clubs engagements because "Somebody-Or-Other sold three-hundred-thousand copies by being on Jack Paar." They sneak up on you until, before you know what hit you, you are simply ON THE AIR. Which is perfectly fine, providing you have some reason to be there, and providing someone is with you. Usually you haven't, and nobody is.

I was lulled into a false sense of security by being first eased into radio on the Mary Margaret McBride show. Originally, I viewed the prospect as the guillotine, and Miss McBride as the executioner. I felt presumptuous being there. But such was the ease-making charm of Miss McBride that at the end of an hour I felt not only in total command of the situation, certain that they were lucky to get me, but also that it might be amusing to have a show of my own.

The next interview set me right about the charms of both myself and the radio industry.

Arriving on time, I asked politely for the Personality on whose show I was to appear. Without looking up from his copy of *Mad Magazine,* the attendant muttered, "Fourth floor, Studio B."

I next approached the attendant on the fourth floor, who, without looking up from his *Racing Star Weekly,* asked, "What show you want?" When I mentioned the Personality, he threw back his head and bellowed "Mildruhd!"

A young woman moved away from a group. The attendant said, "She's for you."

The young woman looked me up and down as if she felt I couldn't possibly be. She had crisp blond curls and matching manners. The breast pocket of her pale gabardine suit held a brilliantly flowered handkerchief ironed into rigid, fan-shaped folds sharp enough to cut any nose bold enough to blow on it. The handkerchief was skewered into the pocket by a blue-glass pin shaped like a daisy. Someone must have given it to her because it matched the blue glass of her eyes.

"You have an appointment?" she asked dubiously.

I introduced myself, adding that the Personality was expecting me for an interview.

"You the one that makes hats out of palm fronds or the baby-sitter for the chimpanzee?"

Disclaiming both of these interesting occupations, I confessed, although it seemed anticlimactic, my own.

She riffled through some papers and said, "Yes, I've got you. We'll have to hurry—the studio is scheduled."

She clicked off down the hall with such alacrity that I had to run to keep up with her. After winding around a succession of corridors, we entered a large padded cell. At least I think it was; perhaps all broadcasting studios look that way.

This cell was dun-coloured with quilted walls. One table, two chairs, and a microphone stood in the middle of the otherwise empty room. A man in an isolation booth stared at us through glass like a fish in a bowl.

"Sit there," snapped Mildred. (She said I could call her that, everybody did.) Mildred sat opposite me.

"Get a level on her," croaked a voice from the goldfish bowl.

"Say something," said Mildred.

"One two three four," I said. "Good morning. Now is the time for all good men to . . . ."

"Tell her to get it up," the goldfish said.

"Up," said Mildred, as if she were about to follow it with "Hup two three!"

"By the way," I said, making conversation, "when is Mr. Reilly expected?" Reilly was not the Personality's name but it will do.

Mildred looked at me in surprise. "Oh, he's not coming," she said. "He never does."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "How can he interview me if he isn't here?"

"Too loud," said the goldfish.

"Down," said Mildred, as if she were going to follow it with "Bowser."

Mildred handed me a typewritten sheet of paper. "Obviously you're new to this," she said. "On this paper are a series of questions which I will read. You answer them. Later they wipe my voice out of it, and Mr. Reilly records the questions when he gets around to it—he can knock off six or eight of these things at one time that way."

"You mean to say," I said, stunned, "that the answers come before the questions, and the interviewer isn't even here—well, I'll be d—"

"Cut!" cried the goldfish.

"Watch it!" snapped Mildred. "No profanity."

"Let's get this show on the road," spake the goldfish.

"Ready?" said Mildred.

"Ready," I said. "Shall we synchronize our watches before we go over the top?"

Mildred's eyes glittered coldly, gazing beyond me to the wall where a red light flashed on. "We're on," she said. "Now. Mr. Reilly will start by introducing you, and you will then say 'How do you do'—say 'How do you do.' "

"How do you do," I said.

"Now he'll do a commercial," said Mildred. "Then he'll say something like, 'May I call you Cynthia'—that is your name, isn't it? Do I have it right?"

I nodded.

"So then you say something like it's okay, if you can call him by *his* first name—it's Al. Maybe you laugh it up a little."

"Ho ho ho," I chortled to the empty studio. "Yes, if I may call you Al."

"His first question: Why did you write the book?"

"Because somebody paid me to."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

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## "THE INTERVIEWER ISN'T THERE"

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"He'll have some jokes here—he always does about marriage—laugh."

"Ho ho ho."

"Any children?"

"Yes, two."

"How old?"

"Seven and twenty."

"He'll make a joke about that gap in between—laugh."

"Hee hee hee."

"Now he'll do another commercial. Next question: Have you ever been to a psychiatrist?"

"Well, just sitting-up visits; I might have reached the lying-down—"

"He makes the jokes—just answer the questions."

It went on like this for fifteen minutes. "Okay," said Mildred. "That's enough. Say 'goodbye.'"

"No time." came the voice of the goldfish. "Got to run another one."

The red light went out.

"May I go now?" I said.

"Why not?" Mildred answered, gathering up her papers. "So long, Don."

"Dig you later," said the goldfish.

"So long—thanks," I said feebly.

He waved a fin at me through the glass.

Mildred and I walked to the door. "Thank you," I said. "When will the show be on the air?"

"Who knows?" she said. "They schedule these things at the last minute—I got to git—good luck."

I put out my hand, and she grasped it as if it were a hockey stick, simultaneously scanning her wrist watch. She shook her head. "It's a rat race."

I wasn't sure what she meant, so I said, "You ain't just whistling Dixie," because I have never known what that meant, either.

After Mildred, I dutifully went on several more Ghost-to-Ghost hookups, never meeting an interviewer and never hearing a show until by sheer accident, I heard myself and Mr. Reilly.

Discounting the banality of the questions and their unsuitability to the answers, I thought for a while that it hadn't gone too badly. Until the end. "It's been a pleasure having you on our show," said the invisible Mr. Reilly. "We know the book is going to be a smash—goodbye, Mrs. Lindsay." Dead air. "Good*bye*, Mrs. Lindsay." More dead air. "GOODBYE, *Mrs. Lindsay*." I was, obviously, refusing to go, and the friends who were listening would not believe my story about the man at the controls cutting me off. "It's forgivable," the cads said. "There's a little bit of ham in all of us."

Having conquered radio, I was next flung, live, into ladies' luncheons. Most of the radio broadcasts had been done in New York. Returning to California, I found bids from several organizations, each called something like The Associated Bookworms of America, who had monthly luncheons where authors spoke and, after lunch, autographed copies of their books for the ladies who had purchased them at the door.

My publishers answered my weak "do I have to?" with "we find it sells books." And so I entered the creamed-chicken circuit. Each luncheon lecture held its individual surprises and enchantments, but in certain aspects all were uniform.

It was ALWAYS creamed chicken. Sometimes with mushrooms, sometimes without. Sometimes in a patty shell, sometimes on toast; always with green peas, sometimes with a gelatine salad that trembled like the manuscript in my hand. Always a parfait, sometimes chocolate. (If strawberries, canned.)

Although I did not have to buy my lunch, these occasions were expensive for me, simply because I felt so sorry for those authors whose books the ladies did not buy to be autographed that *I* bought their books to be autographed. A book goes well with the ladies when the author says that he hopes the book won't offend them because being d-i-r-t-y wasn't his intention; he wanted only to show *life*, and sometimes *life* is *raw*.

I have a huge collection of clean autographed books in my library.

Another invariable element of a lecture luncheon is the guest, who, having refused a second demitasse because she's afraid she won't get a wink of sleep all after-

noon as it is, drops off, her head nodding hypnotically throughout the lecture. I found this distressing, because I was convinced I was the soporific.

However, I became braver as I gained experience, and once, at the Disneyland Hotel, scored an absolute smash by pointing out to the audience a dozer who had put her head down on the table like the dormouse in *Alice in Wonderland*. "Shhh," I said, "let's see if we can all tiptoe out of here without waking her."

By the time I had knocked off a dozen lunches, all the ham had emerged; instead of decently suffering, I began to enjoy myself. Being adorable had finally paid off.

In this frame of mind, I naturally jumped at the idea of displaying the charm to a television audience. My first TV interview was with a man who came on at eleven-thirty at night and proudly stated that just about anybody could be on his show. That meant me.

When I arrived at the studio, one chill California night, I was directed to the sound stage where everything seemed in a complete state of chaos. People charged about dragging lights; men with earphones and microphones leapt over cables. I asked for the Personality and a man seated at a desk under a barrage of lights was pointed out to me. I walked over to him and was startled to see that he was reading my book.

"Hi, honey," he said, holding the book up. "This any good?"

"Well," I smirked, "I liked it, but of course I'm prejudiced."

"Ha!" he bellowed. "You made a funny—anything you want me to say about the book?"

"Not particularly," I answered. "It may be difficult for you if you haven't read it."

"Don't mean anything," he replied. "I used to be a literary agent—could always sell something better if I hadn't read it—more objective, so to speak."

He looked up at the wall clock. "Say, you'd better get to Make-up—you're on third, between the bathing beauties and the singing dog."

"Make-up?" I said.

"Sure—h a v e t o—you'd wash right out without it. No eyes."

In the Make-up department, four chairs facing the mirror were occupied respectively by two young girls in bathing suits, an old man, and a dog of dubious ancestry. Six other girls in bathing suits were, under the interested gaze of a mild-looking man with a made-up yellow face and a business suit, busily applying body make-up.

"Get to you in a minute, honey," said the make-up man.

We all smiled awkwardly. The man in the business suit said, "I'm Clark LeRoy—Malevolent Savings and Loan—going to talk on the growth of loan companies in California. What's your racket?"

"I'm a writer," I answered.

The old man in the make-up chair said, "I once had a writer-friend who had some kind of record—two hundred words on the head of a pin. Can't beat that, I'll bet you."

"I'll bet not." I said. "I find it hard to get that many on a page. What's your racket?"

"Him," he said, pointing to the dog, whose deportment was admirable. He never moved, just sat staring quietly at himself in the mirror. "He sings."

One of the girls giggled, "With lyrics?"

The old man looked lovingly at the dog. "Sometimes," he said, "when he looks at me, I almost believe he can speak—this is a big break for us, I hope something comes of it. He's never had a real break—have you, Titan?"

Titan twitched an ear and looked limpidly at his master.

"He's darling," I said. "I can't wait to hear him sing."

"Well," said the old man. "you won't have to."

He took a small whistle out of his pocket. "All right, boy—'Yankee Doodle.'" He blew the whistle, and Titan put his head back, and in a piercing tremolo let loose with a reasonably accurate rendition of the song. We applauded enthusiastically until someone outside yelled "Quiet!"

"That was just wonderful, Titan," I said, patting him. He smiled, and thumped his scraggly tail. "He's certainly not going to

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# THE DAY UNCLE LOUIS REPENTED

A story by ROBERT FONTAINE

Father Sebastien, round, rosy, holy, and a believer in the immediate and practical presence of the Lord, used to visit my parents twice a month or so. Then he would go next door and see my eccentric Uncle Louis and his hard-working wife, Felice.

When the priest came to our house he would have an excellent dinner ending with mince pie, perhaps, and, always, a pony of cognac and a good cigar. Afterwards he would say a brief prayer blessing us all, including my Presbyterian mother whom the Father considered a lamb who had strayed from the fold and learned to be an excellent cook en route.

The prayer done, my father would extemporize a little caprice on his violin, an improvisation of a non-sectarian nature that Father Sebastien listened to with a contented and approving smile on his pink face.

All this done, Father Sebastien would reluctantly go next door to see my Uncle Louis who was considered by the Father to have become a downright pagan.

One day I accompanied Father Sebastien next door. My uncle was, as usual, half-asleep on the divan, a water cooler of wine by his side. My aunt was working hard at her dressmaking.

Seeing Father Sebastien, she spat the pins from her mouth and welcomed him with a glass of wine. My uncle opened his eyes a little and said wearily, "Oh, it is you."

"I have not given you up," said the priest. "I shall yet reclaim you. Repent, Louis. Begin a new life."

"The old one does well enough," Uncle Louis said.

"You have not been to confession in a long time. You never enter the church. You permit your wife to work while you drink and loaf. You are seen in the taverns and bars with wealthy widows of questionable character. The Lord is frowning. He is considering firing His formidable artillery."

My uncle became alert. He had served in the artillery many years ago and the memory of frightening battles persisted. Hastily he drew some wine from his water cooler and gulped it down.

"You make me nervous," he replied.

"And nervous you will remain until you repent and come back in the fold. The Lord is merciful and patient but once He has loosed His artillery, woe! Louis, woe!"

At that moment there was a muffled but somewhat frightening sound in the distance. Uncle Louis opened his eyes wide. I said, "It is nothing, my uncle, it is just the men at the match factory in Hull blowing up the logs. There is a jam."

"So will the Lord shake Louis loose from evil," said Father Sebastien.

"Oh, that it would happen soon," my aunt cried. "I am like a cat on hot bricks with this one. He drinks and sleeps and sleeps and drinks. Only now and then does he arise and then only to seek the company of other sinners, of both sexes."

"A poet and philosopher of my calibre can not be expected to act as other men, especially with this cork in the cognac that I married."

At this, my aunt raised a potted plant but Father Sebastien restrained her. "Patience, my child, patience," he urged. "Louis will come back to us. He can not stand for much longer unscathed by the artillery of the Lord."

The following day I was sitting on our porch and Uncle Louis came out from next door making one of his infrequent pilgrimages out of his house into the bright sunlight.

He sat down beside me, patting me casually on the back. "I am reaching the limits of my patience with that fly in the soup I married. All I hear is I must reform or perish. That Sebastien has got her by the ears. Why me, eh? Am I the only one to be saved? Is it fair to the others for

Father Sebastien to neglect them and to concentrate on me?"

I shrugged. The noon gun that was fired daily at Major Hill Park went off and I shuddered, thinking of the artillery of the Lord. My uncle said suddenly, "Do you believe in hell?"

"If there is heaven there must be hell," I said cautiously. I did not even care to think of the matter. I was, even at the age of twelve or so, especially with Father Sebastien lurking about, worried about my *own* future in paradise.

I went on, "If the Lord has artillery He has also hell. He has anything He wishes to make sinners repent."

My uncle lifted a bottle to his lips and drank well. As soon as the liquid had warmed his stomach he smiled and said. "Would a God of Love torment His own children? Would a loving God fire His artillery at His own sons?"

"Why not?" I asked nervously. I had always considered myself to be surrounded by kindly and interested cherubim and I did not like the path the conversation was taking.

"Because," said Uncle Louis firmly, "such a God would be either unreasonable or incompetent and so would not be God. A God who was less tolerant than I, less just, less forgiving, and less blessed with a sense of humour and poetry would not be God. *I* would."

I shivered. I believe my uncle was a little worried, too, about his blasphemy. He said soothingly, looking with his head half-cocked, skyward, "I was only making a small joke."

"It is not good to joke about such things," I replied sternly. The next day, the minor thuds of the daily blasting in Hull across the river had just subsided when new crashes and thumpings could be heard, much closer. A few moments later my Uncle Louis rushed into our house followed by an angry Aunt Felice with a raised broom.

"Never come back. Remain here," cried my aunt. "You sleep in my bed no longer."

My mother blushed. "Not in front of a small boy, Felice."

"Ho!" cried my uncle. "Do you know what this camel has done? Knowing I am without funds she is withholding my share of her income. What is more she has disposed of every drop of wine and cognac in the house. What shall we do for the treatment of illnesses, eh? What shall we do for the celebration of births, Confederation Day, and coronations? Sleep with her? She is a madwoman. Better sleep in Major Hill Park."

My father said vaguely, "There is probably much to be said on both sides. In the first place. . . ."

"No!" cried Felice. "This drunken blasphemer is not satisfied with his usual sins, he now announces he does not believe in God."

My mother gasped. My father ran a slim hand across his high forehead. Uncle Louis shouted, "I said no such thing, believe me. I said only that if there was a God He was an accident. Science has no place for Him. I said . . ."

"Go!" my aunt bellowed, her face red. She waved the broom at him and he raced out the house and up Friel Street disappearing at the top of the hill.

For several days my uncle did not come back. Aunt Felice became uneasy and called Father Sebastien. He said sternly, "You have a few faults yourself, Felice. This is not the way to bring about repentance. It is not found at the end of a broom. We must all search for him. I am sure I shall cross his path. Lately I have been collecting in the bars and saloons for missions. I cover the city thoroughly. No doubt I shall find him. Meanwhile we must all pray."

Aunt Felice nodded. I knew how she felt. A pagan, drunken Louis was better than no Louis at all.

I went on my own search, because I, too, missed the fun I had with him. I found him two days later asleep on a bench in Major Hill Park. I shook him gently. He opened his eyes, glanced at me a moment and said, "Don't bother me." He went back to sleep and snored loudly.

I awakened him again. "Uncle Louis they are looking for you."

"Of course they are looking for me. Led by Father Sebastien, no doubt. But will they take me back on my own terms which include a complete restoration of former rights?"

"I don't know." I paused a moment. "Aren't you hungry?"

He took a small bottle from his pocket and drank copiously. Then he went back to sleep. A

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# THE DAY UNCLE LOUIS REPENTED

*(Continued from page 163)*

brisk detonation in the nearby river shook the bench and he opened his eyes. "Do not bother me. Hungry? Ha! The ravens bring me food. Tell that to Father Sebastien."

"You will be punished. Come home and repent and all will be forgiven."

"Repent!" my uncle scoffed. "You are as bad as the rest." He turned over on the bench and was soon snoring again.

There was nothing to do but pray. If the Lord were so anxious to have Louis then certainly He would work on our side. Besides, I enjoyed praying. It made me feel nice and warm.

When I was done I waited with firm faith. Bees buzzed. Young girls walking about giggled. At the bottom of the steep hill horses' hoofs could be heard on the cobblestones.

Then, suddenly, the cannon for the noontime signal was fired. It was extremely loud because we were almost on top of it. It caused my uncle to quiver on the bench and then roll off and across the grass, down the paved roadway, slowly gaining momentum. Luckily he continued right through the open iron gate, across the cobblestone street, hard against the opposite curb where he lay dazed.

"Repent," I cried when I came to him. "The artillery of the Lord is in action."

It did not surprise me at all, since I considered it part of the divine plan, that Father Sebastien emerged from a liquor establishment in a nearby building, his collection box in his hand, and helped the confused Louis to his feet.

"Are you ready now for repentance?" asked the Father.

Uncle Louis shook himself. He reached into his pocket for his life-saving bottle but it was empty. He stood there pale and shaking but still defiant.

I said, "My uncle, the Lord has fired on you but there is still hope."

My uncle snorted and leaned against a post. "It was nothing. It was only the noonday cannon at Major Hill Park."

"My son . . ." Father Sebastien began. Uncle Louis interrupted him. "Do you think I am a superstitious child?"

The priest sighed. "Your good wife awaits you. You need only repent and reform and you will be back in her loving bosom."

Uncle Louis sneered and gave Father Sebastien a push. The priest looked at my uncle, appalled. The next moment there was a terrifying detonation from the river. Apparently something had gone wrong with the quantity of dynamite or the depth of the charge, for it was like the end of the world. Windows cracked in nearby buildings. Horses jumped on their hind hoofs and neighed wildly. Dogs barked. I was hurled against a post. Father Sebastien was pushed against a building and my uncle was sent reeling as if a giant hand had come from the sky and spun him like a top.

In a moment it was all over. Father Sebastien and I stood looking at Uncle Louis who was now as white as death. Father Sebastien said, "That was no noonday gun, Louis."

"This is maybe your last chance," I said.

Uncle Louis turned around and raced into the liquor place. In a few moments he was back, drinking from an open bottle. Waving it wildly toward heaven he cried, "Enough! Enough! I repent. Forgive me. I doubt, believe me, the justice of this sort of thing but, just the same, You have everything on Your side. What else can I do?"

He took another drink, wiped his lips and smiled wryly. To Father Sebastien he said, "I believe, though, that if God permitted Himself to sin a little now and then, He might understand me better."

Father Sebastien shuddered. "Louis!" he cried sharply, "do not start again when we have just about miraculously saved you." He took my uncle firmly by the arm and moved him up the street. I followed behind faithfully, listening to my uncle sing, in an appalling voice:

"God sees the little sparrow fall
It meets His tender view.
If God so loves the little things
I know He loves me, too. . . ."

In spite of the exuberant, drunken voice with which he sang it, I was a little proud. I felt sure he had learned it from me.

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# "THE INTERVIEWER ISN'T THERE"

*(Continued from page 161)*

get made-up, is he?" I asked his master.

"Not much," he said. "Just a little kohl around the eyes—he washes out."

"My trouble exactly," I said.

"Okay," said a voice from the door, "you're all on, let's go."

The make-up man said, "But I haven't done her."

The man at the door looked at me and said, "Well, slap something on quick, we'll put her on later."

By the time the make-up man had given me eyes, as well as a lovely, sensuous mouth bordering on the Ubangi, I was late for my spot on the show. But it all worked out fine, because the Personality let me judge the bathing beauty contest, which was much more fun than talking about my book.

During those months of odd-hour television shows on which I performed like a trained seal, I met many interesting and stimulating associates. None, admittedly, that I took to as much as Titan, but the experience was rewarding nonetheless.

After sharing the limelight with a collection of African masks, with a director of freeway traffic patterns, with a witch doctor, with a priest, and with a collection of teen-age jive experts who had not read my book but did want me to join the dance (this didn't work out well), I finished the season in what was almost a starring rôle.

At seven o'clock one morning, that particular show went on the air with a jellied omelette, a trained rabbit, and me. The rabbit and I were both a smash. Even the omelette came out beautifully, and the rabbit and I ate it.

I have to go now, because I have a new book coming out and the season is starting again. My first appointment is already set up—this time not *on* the air, but *in* it. I'm being interviewed in a blimp. *The End.*






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DOCTOR DRESS CO., INC.
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*Shape of things to come—for Fall, the ensemble leads—especially this one, a beauty in line and rendering of Forstmann's Rosella wool, with crepe blouse to match. In shades of autumn, about 95.00. 14 to 44; 12½ to 24½*
*Slightly higher on West Coast*
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All hand-embroidered on sheer Irish linen. **The year of the wedding** in pale blue appears between the names of the **bride and groom** worked in white. Edged in fine French lace an inch wide, **this handkerchief becomes tomorrow's heirloom.** Appropriate for weddings and anniversaries.

*Handsomely boxed; tied with white ribbons and orange blossoms.*

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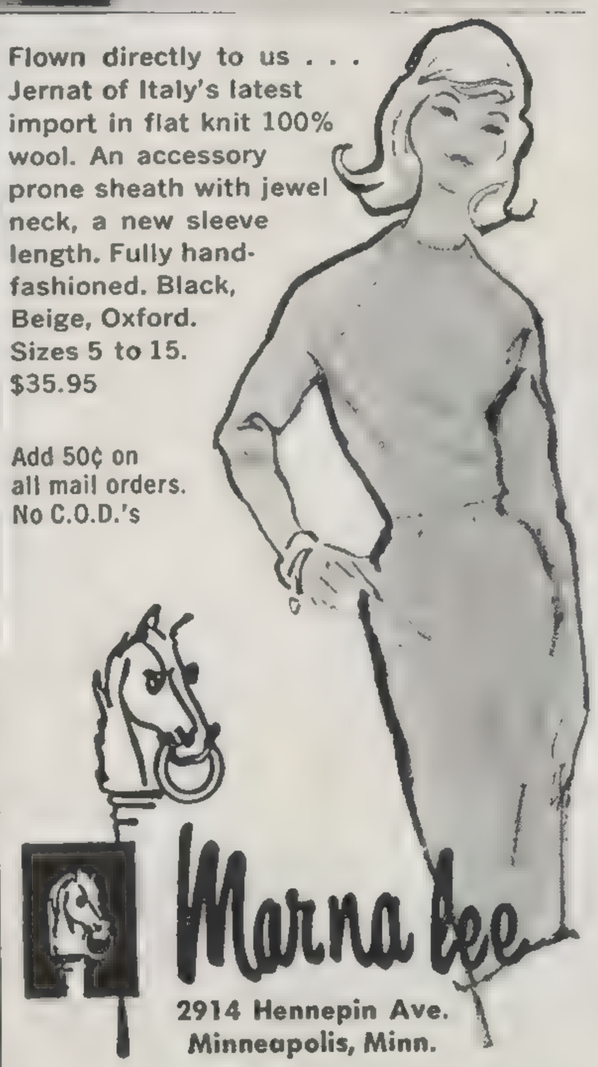
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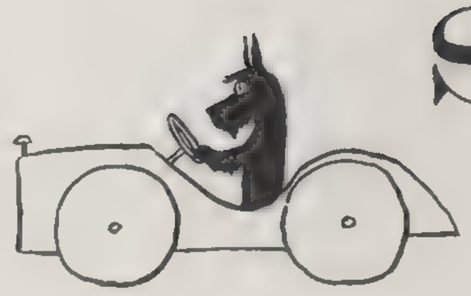
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1

1. Diamonds and Persian turquoises fringed with fine twists of 18-k. gold—the ring band also 18-k. gold. $350 ppd., inc. tax. Nathan Gem and Pearl, 10 East 46th St., N. Y. 17.

2. In lilac and warm plum purples: big misty flowers and clustered fruits, floated above a tawny grey ground marbled with black. Simple, stem-slender at-home dress, Empire waisted, of fine light wool. Sizes: S, M, L. $55. Fancy Free, 920 Park Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

3. Tidy, textured cowhide handbag, in brown bound with gilt metal. The mustard leather lining is fitted with zippered and open pockets. Also in light tan, black. $12 ppd., tax inc. By Rolfs. McKane Lins, 209 East Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

4. Raccoon pillbox—right note in a season devoted to fur hats; to perch on top of the head, anchored in place with tiny combs. $12.95. By Therese Ahrens. At Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, New York.



MIEHLMANN



3 4

# HOUND

## . . . shifts into autumn



5. Made from a Mexican *rebozo* scarf, a fringe-hemmed overblouse of deep purple, hand-woven, hand-dyed wool, lined in mauve printed cotton; an Ellen Lockwood design. With it: bright pink woven cotton pants, long, tapered (in many other colours as well). Top, $40.50 (S.M.L.); pants, $13 (10 to 18); both ppd. Phoenix-Pan American Shop, 793 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 21.

6. Bogus leopard, its feline talents much in demand this autumn. The jacket has a neat, spare, cardigan look; the fabric is a mohair-and-linen blend. Sizes 8 to 16. $50.30 ppd. French Boot Shop, 541 Main St., New Rochelle, N. Y.



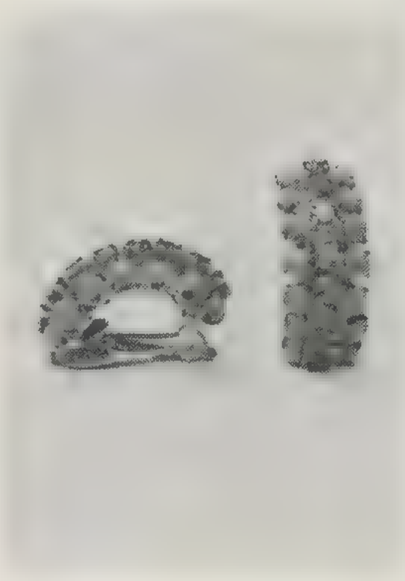
EVELYN MARCIL

6

7. Earrings to wear with the new violine colours: a band of sapphires between bands of turquoises; set on 14-k. yellow gold. $200 plus tax. By N. H. Shimshirian. Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue, New York 22.

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7






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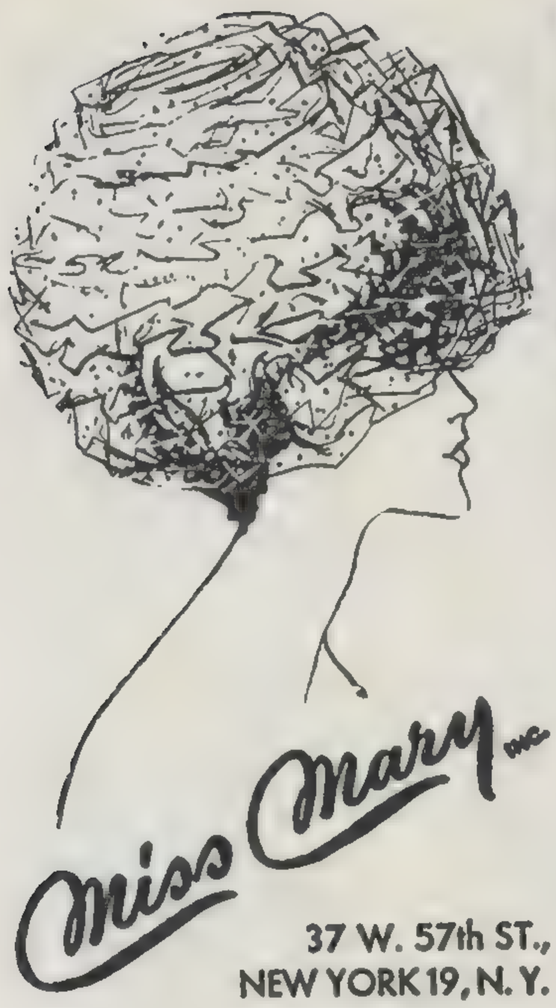
....*everyone knows a Caryl Richards permanent is better for your hair.*

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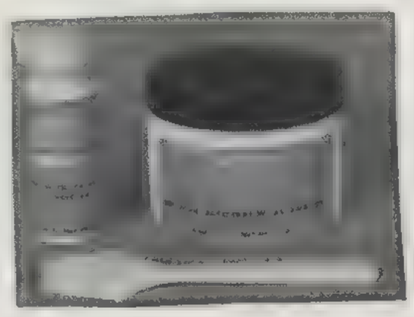
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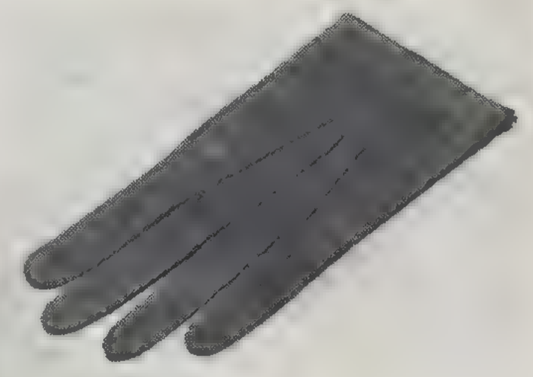
and giving




# SHOP



1



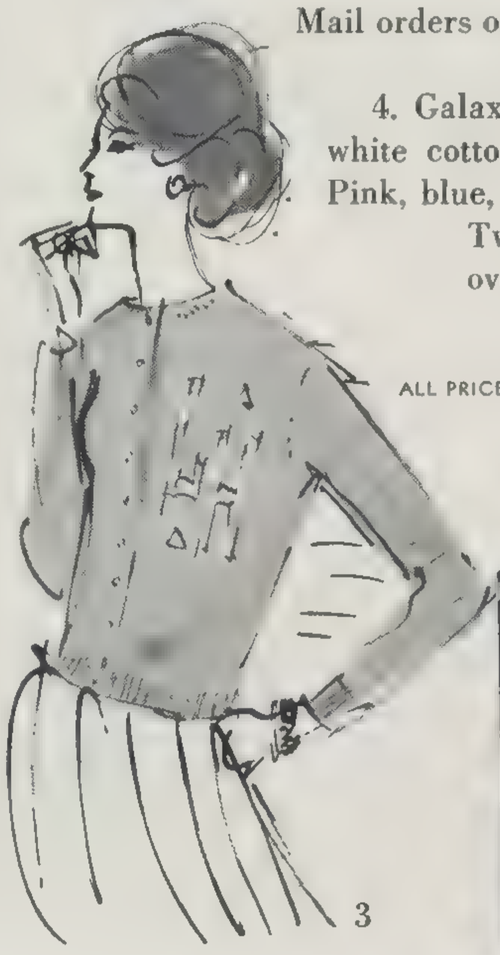
2

1. Handsome little fur jacket at a little price; it's a soft fawn-brown stippled with white: natural mink gill, lined in Italian silk. $259 inc. tax, ppd. Hartenstein, 847 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21.

2. Loden green antelope leather—supple, soft: men's gloves, country style, to wear at the wheel. Sizes 8 to 10½. Also in beige or grey. $18.50 ppd. From: Countess Mara, 110 East 57th Street, New York 22, New York.

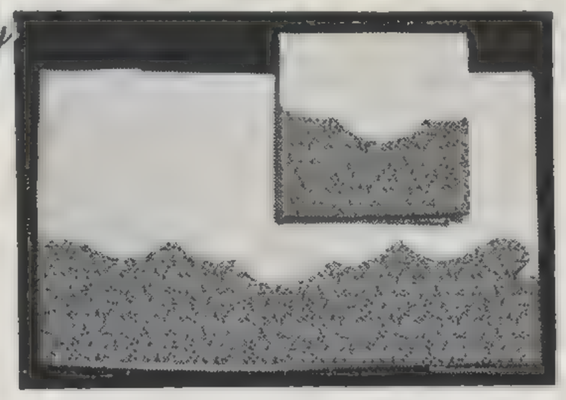
3. Monogrammed cashmere: your initials in silk satin on a cashmere cardigan. Black, white, red, bone, navy blue, or grey heather; initials and tiny satin buttons in colour to match or contrast. Sizes 34 to 40. Mail orders only. $31.75 ppd. RK Monograms, 2294 Broadway, New York 24.

4. Galaxies of rosebuds: flower-bordered white cotton percale sheet and pillowcase. Pink, blue, or beige buds with green leaves. Twin size, $8.95; double, $12.95; oversize, $18.95; pillowcase, $4.50. Léron, 745 5th Ave., N. Y. 22.



3

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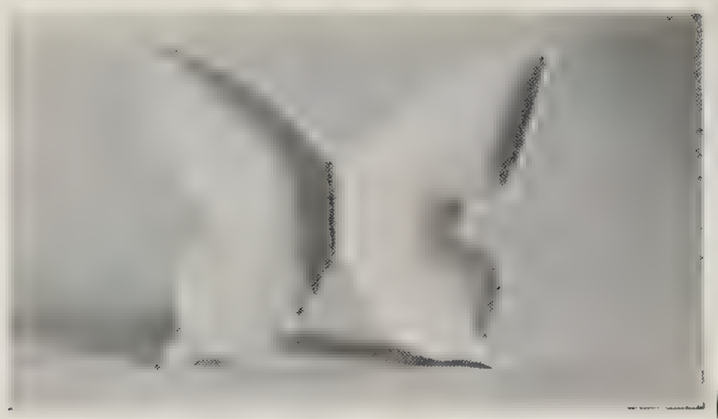
# HOUND

## . . . aims for September



5

EVELYN MARCIL



6

5. One of autumn's new short smooth coiffures: a polished sweep from a side part into a slightly heightened crown, dropping into a soft cheek wave; cut close at the nape of the neck. Les Girls Salon, 1262 2nd Ave., N. Y. 21.

6. If butterflies left wing-prints, they might look like this: white ceramic dish to use as an ash tray or candy dish. About 7" wide, 6½" long. $3 ppd. Miya, 373 Park Avenue South, New York 22, N. Y.

7. Hand-loomed, bright red cardigan coat with travel talents. The swash of scarf is detachable, could double as a belt. Basket-weave wool, made to order; also black, white, purple, grey, yellow, green, beige, navy blue. $125 ppd. Roberta Couturiere, 978 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 21.

8. Purse-size *flacon*, to fill with your favourite perfume. It's leakproof, works as a roll-on, comes with a tiny funnel. White and gilt, black and gilt, or gilt and silver plate (only the last is taxed). Rollarama case, $7.50; Tailored Woman, 742 5th Ave., N. Y. 22.

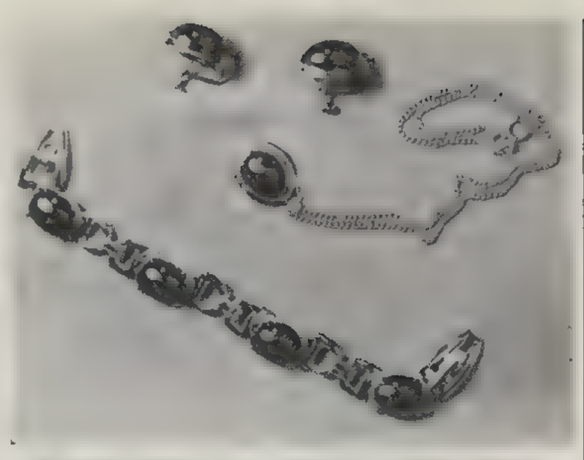


7



MIEHLMANN

8

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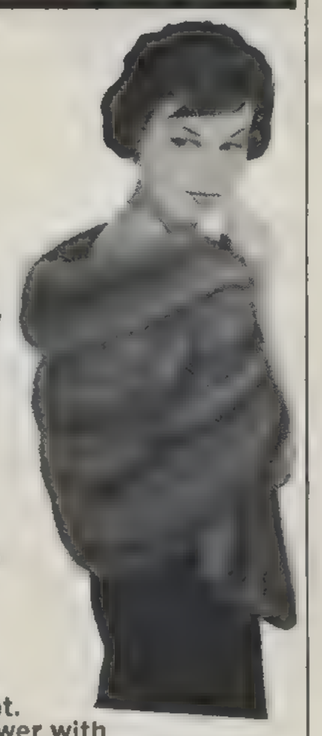
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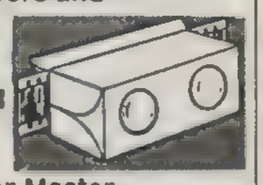
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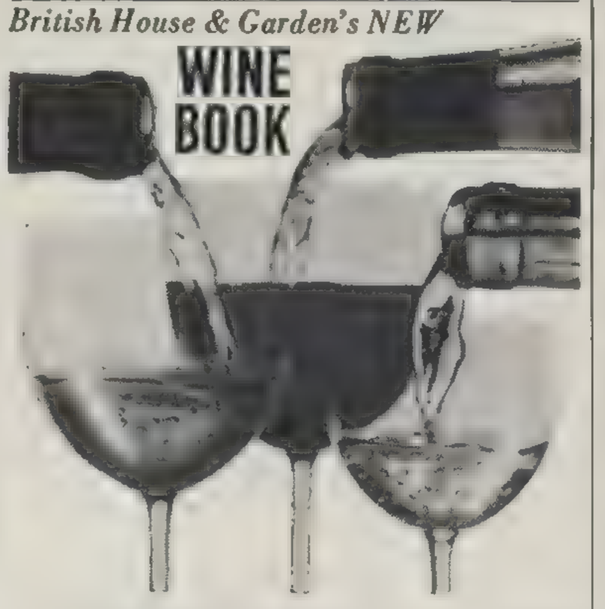
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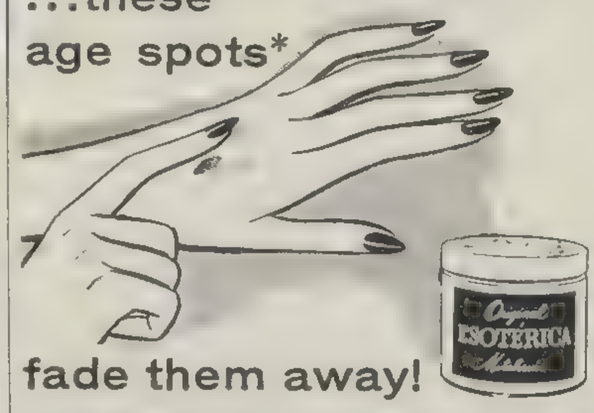
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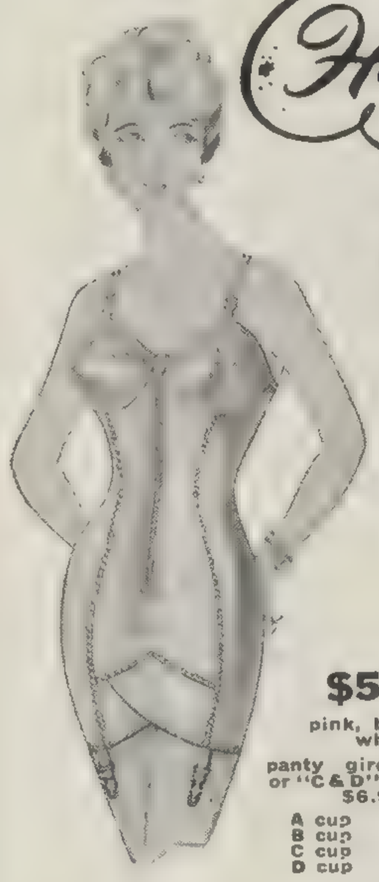
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# SHOP HOUND

## ...early autumn harvest



EVELYN MARCIL

1

2 MIEHLMANN



1. Country tweed: bulky wool pull-over, mostly blue, flecked with charcoal and white. Also: red with white and black; orange with white and black; green with gold and white. $14.98. By Olympic Knitwear, at Arnold Constable, 453 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.

2. New light on the subject of make-up: two-way mirror with a lamp built into the handle. One side magnifies, the other just reflects. Of white Lucite, 6″ in diameter, it hooks on around the neck, works on AC or DC. $6.95 ppd. Here's How, 95 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, New York.

3. Bucolic table mats to delight a child. Here, a cow and rooster, with doodles in blue, orange, and green. Also other animals. Of linen-textured vinyl plastic, backed by foam rubber. 17″ x 11½″. $1 each. By Happy Things, at Altman's, 361 5th Ave., N. Y. 16.



3

4. Velvety black suède boot, to wear in the country with tapered pants. Leather sole and heel. Sizes 7 to 10 narrow, 5½ to 10 medium. $13.50 ppd. Bloom Shoes, 311 Sixth Avenue, New York 14.



4



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# BIO-MIRACLE

**MAKE-UP**

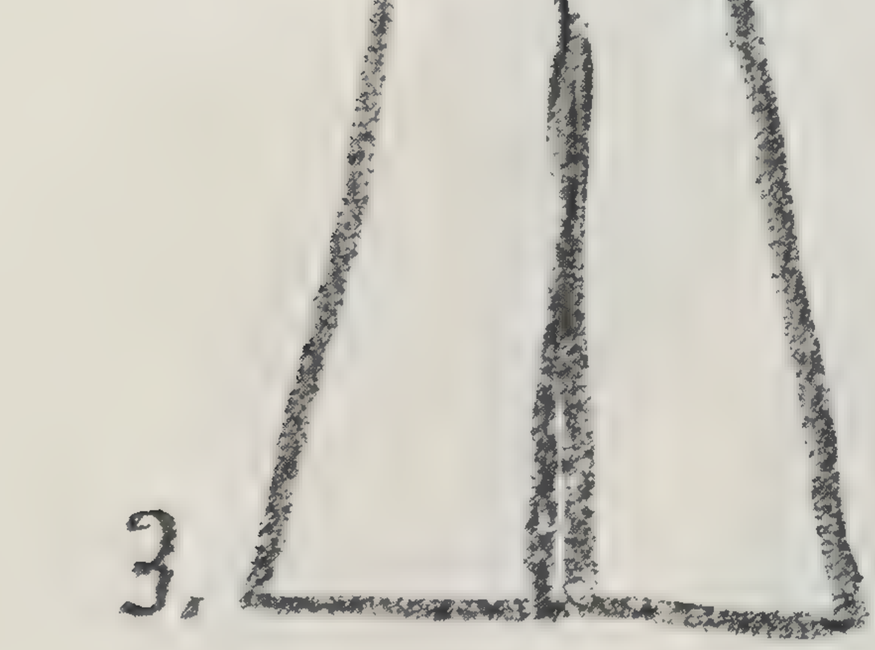
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giving your skin the appearance of translucent loveliness it had when you were a child.
"Biotene" is Germaine Monteil's alone.

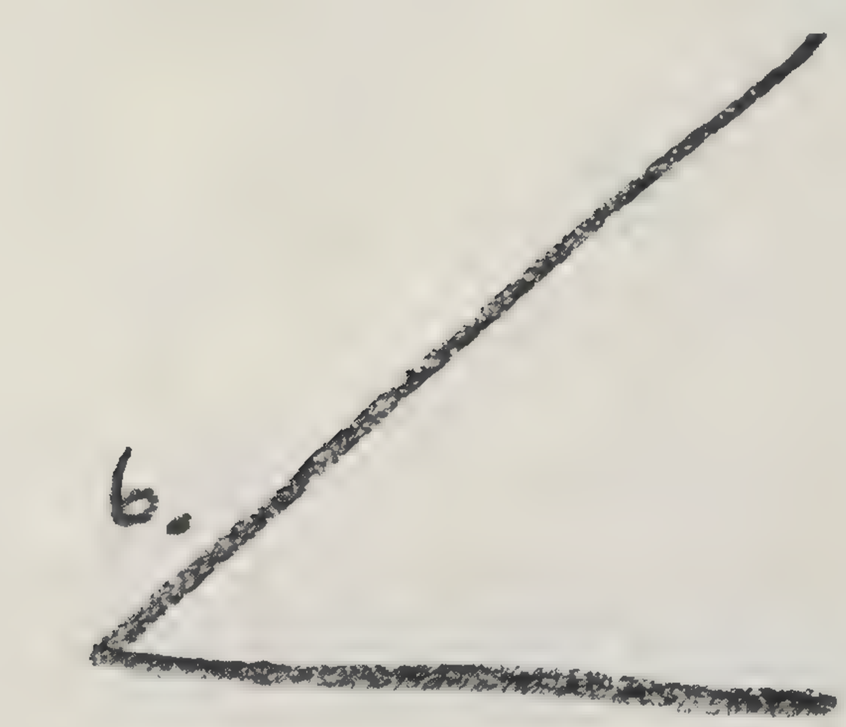
# Germaine Monteil

# Vogue's eye view of 10 ways to a new suit look








If all the time you could marshal for shopping this September came to only two hours, it would be time to spare—provided you had the suit-points straight in your mind before you got near the fitting-room door. Having lots of time—like having pots of money—is a pleasant fashion-edge. But it isn't a patch on knowing the score. Which, when it comes to suits September, 1960, reads as follows:

**1. Big fur hat.** One of the quickest ways to put a this-year stamp on any suit in fashion is to put one of this year's big fur hats on your head. (How big? As big as a full-length mirror informs your eye is big enough—for you.) One fascinating Paris way to wear the big fur hat—pulled way down to the eyebrows.

**2. Longer-bodied jacket.** The woman with a passion for short jackets needn't set a torch to her closet; we're merely alerting you to one facet of suit-excitement. Namely: many of the smartest suits around have jackets that look quite a bit longer, looser, rangier. And what's wanted on the part of the wearer—besides a passably willowy figure—is a willing eye. What might need alteration isn't the suit—but your own ideas about proper fit.

**3. Culotte skirt**—the suit that has it has as much news as it's possible to pack into a single season. And, if your taste runs to being on the spot when fashion-history happens, we refer you to page 187 for details on the suit that's based on an imperceptibly divided skirt.

**4. Colour.** Much of this news comes via the grapevine—where all the delicious purples and mauves and wine-reds grow. This entrancement is catalogued on pages 196 through 213, and we urge you there post haste.

**5. Elusive fit.** Not so elusive, however, that we can't put our finger right on the point. Which is: if you can't shrug around easily in it, it's not a this-year jacket—or possibly you're thinking in past-year terms. Shapes of jackets vary, and lengths, but not this: the fit of a 1960 jacket is free and unhampering.

**6. Flip-back jacket.** There are any number of ways that suit jackets are loosening up now. One of the most delighting: the jacket that pokes out as smartly as a mainsail in a stiff breeze; this charmer, profiled on page 202.

**7. Limbered skirt.** Pleated, gathered; flared—whatever: a suit that's living in the present has some form of skirt-ease. (When you see the word "slim" preceding the word "skirt" now, look for a ripple of little tucks right around the waistband.)

**8. Whole-look suit.** Easiest method we know of putting a suit-look together: buy it that way. Suits with their own blouses, or dresses with their own jackets were shown throughout the American and Paris collections; are on view throughout this issue of Vogue—beginning with the superb culotte suit on page 186, which comes with a sleeveless black jersey blouse.

**9. Tulle explosion, late-day.** With daytime suits showing more and more aptitude for six-o'clock work, this was in the cards: hats that put a suit firmly over the late-day line—explosively tulle, outrageously pretty, visible next page and on page 197.

**10. The little things.** Not little at all, as it happens, and they do mean a lot. Here and in Paris, huge crunches of glitter were pinned to suits (Chanel showed her famous little tweeds with an enormous, jewelled safety pin). Also from Paris: Dior's bulky knitted turtle-necks emerged from several of his best suit-necklines. They were worn with deep knitted watch caps—a combination that seems predestined for USA suit-life.



# *Big moment in American fashion*

It's this kind of moment in fashion: so heady with new ideas and new excitements, that having even one new thing could be the equivalent of having a whole new look. For instance, you turn the page to a suit that's never been seen in fashion before (What, never? No never!), and discover that there's an entirely new way for a woman to look in town. We don't say that the suit with a culotte skirt will make every other suit obsolete—after all, not every woman bobbed her hair when Irene Castle did. What we say is this: here's an idea; it's avant, it's handsome, and it's sound. We've known fashions that managed quite nicely with just one or two of these gifts. As for the fashion that has all three . . . well, you can check the progress of the trench coat; last we heard, it was mink; now it's white satin—to the ground. (Matter of fact, the culotte suit is already progressing with spirit: unanswerable comment from a New York taxi driver to a Vogue editor, "Lady, if you had those new culottes on you wouldn't have to get into the cab that way.") Or, don't turn the page; enrapturing things are happening right across the way. Cloudbursts of tulle, daytime suit—and wham—a totally different time-slot for day-to-day suits. The ingredients of this late-day explosion are news in themselves: Note that though tulle hats have been around, tulle hats of this size are a whole other thing. Note, too, that the suit in question has a looser fitting, longer bodied jacket—a piece of planning that it shares with some of the best American suit jackets around this September. The *other* hat a suit wears now (or vice-versa, as you'll see if you check page 195) is fur or furry, and *enormous*. Fur itself has gone through a period of fascinating change—even the great furs look irresistibly younger, and all of them seem as openly glamourous as fake eyelashes. In mink and sealskin alone: belted, shirtwaisty shapes, reefers and cardigans, not to mention broadtail trench coats. And by all means, consider the surprise furs: they've never been more deserving of attention. Snow leopard, cheetah, tiger, and jaguar leap to mind instantly; but, failing the big cat, there's timber wolf to think about this year. And in the matter of night looks, there's a blaze to report. We have in mind a series of big and little evening dresses, beaded or spangled or sequinned, and—here's the point—absolutely plain. Pure dazzle, pure line is the idea behind these dresses, about which it has been said, "A snake could sue." (Pages 190 and 192 should make that perfectly clear.) To push the hands of the clock back several hours: there's a late-day dress on page 194 which is made of printed velvet (news right there), and which blouses—deeply. Day, as well as late-day, this much blousing is a dress-shape to watch. The colours to keep your eye on: almost any that have the bloom of the vineyard on them; it's a great year for all the grapes—rosy to purple. And that big moment in fashion is detailed on pages 196 through 213.

## Late-day explosion—daily suit plus tulle

Black broadcloth suit, set to go off at six P.M. with glitter, and a hat that's nothing but poufs of black tulle, a pair of enormous cabbage roses—and flattery. The suit is news, hatted or not, with a looser, longer jacket that stands away from the body in gentle princess curves.
By Ben Zuckerman, of wool broadcloth; about $245. Outsize glitter pin by Vendôme. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Suit, also at Gus Mayer; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Lilly Daché hat.

HENRY CLARKE
VOGUE, SEPTEMBER 1, 1960




UTOG

# *Break-through in fashion:*

## the culotte suit for city wear



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL

**When Irene Castle cut her hair all those decades ago, it was one of the fashion shockers of the day. Precedent-shattering as it was, the short haircut has been basic fashion from then until now. We feel that the introduction of the culotte skirt in elegant town suits is just as radical, just as important a break-through in fashion. (There have been culottes before, of course, but generally they've been confined to country wear or to Bermuda cyclists.) Now, for the first time in the history of modern fashion, a first-rank designer has based an entire suit-collection on the divided skirt. So expertly are these skirts cut that, at a standstill, there isn't a sign of division. But in motion—walking or, as illustrated here, getting out of one of the new, cripplingly tiny taxis—we begin to see the common sense of Norman Norell's new designs. And while it may not be true that** **(Continued on next page)**

Moving with the times—the great new fashion at left. Norman Norell's revolutionary culotte suit for town in dark-grey wool flannel with—as demonstrated here—upper hand in the little-car *crise*. Suit at Bonwit Teller; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Far left: Delman shoes. Directly left: Evins shoes for Norell. Emme hat for Norell.

# The culotte suit for city wear

(Continued from preceding page)

common sense is the basis
of all interesting fashion,
it is at the base of all good
fashion constructions,
of which this suit—with its look
of action, of comfortableness,
and of tremendous chic—is one.
(In Paris, a month
later, the culotte
appeared only in
the collection of
Madeleine de Rauch—
famous for her marvellous
heathery-leathery sports
clothes—and once in
the Jacques Heim
collection where it was
a dress instead of a suit.)
So strongly does Norell believe
in the divided skirt
that he has done something
unprecedented in the history
of great designers: he has offered
to lend—to any designer
who wishes to use it—the pattern
for his own expert
and perfectly executed culotte.
He realizes, as Vogue does, that an
elegant and useful fashion such as
this can be distorted,
even killed by badly made,
badly fitted versions. What to look for
in any culotte suit is the degree of
tailoring expertise that's evident on
these pages; thanks to Norell, that's
exactly what you should find—
straight across the country.



FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



Another American designer launched a
culotte suit in his collection this season—
so adroitly that many who saw it saw only
a suit-as-usual suit. The point—verified
at right—there's nothing less alarming than
a culotte suit at a standstill;
and few things more terrific than the culotte
suit when it gets going. (That's a lively
little Beechcraft Bonanza that Vogue's
mannequin is moving towards at left, and the
only thing easier than getting into it in
culottes would be getting out—
the same way.)

This version of the suit with a divided
skirt, by Ben Reig, of thin black
wool flannel with a jacket that
slides easily along the figure;
a tailor's stroke of velvet on the collar.
At Altman's; L. S. Ayres; I. Magnin.
Bombé hat, of Somali leopard,
by Irene of New York.
Delman opera pumps.

# Basic beads – what could be simpler

COUNT ON THIS: THE DRESS THAT'S DRENCHED IN BEADS AND PLAIN AS A SWEATER IS THE NIGHT LOOK THIS YEAR—MAYBE NOT THE SEASON'S FORD, BUT THE THUNDERBIRD CERTAINLY. HERE, AN OVERBLOUSE AND SKIRT, ALL GOLDEN BEADS—AND GOLDEN PROSPECTS. BY SAMUEL WINSTON. TRIFARI BRACELET: BOTH: SAKS FIFTH AVENUE. DRESS: WOODWARD & LOTHROP; HARZFELD'S; SAKOWITZ.



# The ultimate shirt – new light after dark

Here's what happens when the lights go on now: other lights do. Often, such superb satin ones as this—a steady white glow of a shirt, long and thick as cream, and knotted over a black satin skirt. (Note that at this rarefied level the rules for shirt-and-skirt dressing change—for the more fascinating. The veiled and jewelled satin turban, the enormous ring—even the deep-pool eyes—are all part of the delights of this look.) Costume, of silk satin, by Norman Norell. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Hobé ring. Emme hat, designed for Norell.

HENRY CLARKE



## Mere-everything dress – snaky and spangled

*This look—a slithery, smouldering whiplash of glitter, and a skirt that could turn on a dime—was the big night-moment in one American collection after another; is well on its way to becoming night-sensation of the year. The greeny-gold spangled version here is from Norman Norell—and actually, there wasn't a plainer dress in that collection (plain, as in just plain devastating). At Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Kislav gloves.*



HENRY CLARKE



The momentous coat—
vicuña bathrobe, sabled

Know this about this season's coats: big they are, brawny they're not. Instance, left: a coat cut with the easy sprawling grace of a bathrobe—a charcoal-black vicuña bathrobe, as it happens, with sable lapping at the edges (and the woman who wouldn't feel rather specially treasured wrapped this way doesn't come easily to mind). By Ben Reig, of vicuña and natural Russian sable. At De Pinna; Julius Garfinckel; I. Magnin.

## The deep new blousing



*WE'LL PUT IT STRONGLY BECAUSE THERE'S NO STRONGER HAT-POINT FOR SUITS THIS YEAR: A THIS-YEAR SUIT WITHOUT A BIG THIS-YEAR FUR HAT IS A SUIT DEPRIVED. THIS GOLDEN, BROW-NUZZLING FEZ: ARGENTINE KIT FOX. BY IRENE OF NEW YORK. NAPIER EARRINGS. BOTH: SAKS FIFTH AVENUE. HAT: WOODWARD & LOTHROP; L. S. AYRES.*

## Hat of the year—fur

*Many American designers hold this idea about blousing now—the more there is, the more alluring the results. Late-day results at Galanos: shades of brown panne velvet roses, toppling over a slim skirt. Galanos dress and hat; Aris gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Dress and hat: Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Evins shoes for Galanos. Revillon stole, tip-dyed Russian sable. Furniture, these pages: Roslyn Rosier.*



HENRY CLARKE



# The moment for colour is now

No matter what clothes-excitements have come along this season—and plenty have—one fact seems to emerge clearly: the news with the biggest impact is colour. Not just any colour, or all colours. What we're involved with here, happily, is a whole new range of colours of marvellous subtlety and—whether they're dark or pale—a sort of power: a faculty of making clothes, and the women who wear them, look wonderful. One of these colour-ravishments—a fine-spun, misty violet—appears on the facing page, more on the sixteen pages that follow: wine-reds and magentas, purples and plums, browns from raisin to caramel to taupe, currant-reds, rubies, blueberry-blues. It's almost impossible not to describe these new colours in terms of fruit or flowers, jewels or even furs—as in fur-brown—because they seem to involve not only the eye, but all the other senses in delighted recognition. (Besides: if one can't use purple prose in *this* violet-drenched season, then when . . . ?) The upsurge of colour seems to have happened more or less spontaneously, on both sides of the Atlantic, and a good case could be made that it *should* have happened long ago. Facts are facts, and two of them are: Most women past their early twenties look prettier in a becoming colour than in black or "neutral shades"; and many men find a woman more attractive, remember her longer after a brief encounter if she is wearing a colour. ("Who was the girl in blue?") One husband we know has repined for years because, he claims, every dress his wife buys is exactly the same colour as the one before—a colour he describes, with a fair amount of accuracy, as "mouse-belly." What all this *doesn't* add up to is any kind of a case against black—the closet without a single black dress or suit in it is not at hand. What it does add up to, perhaps, is this: the new fact that black—unrelieved, unadorned—is no longer self-explanatory, a safe way of dressing in itself. It adds up to a new way of thinking about black: that it's a marvellous springboard for the new colours. Below, and on the facing page—a superb example.

**Hat of the moment:**
**an explosion of mauve tulle**

*How to wear black this year: as a springboard for colour—ideally, with a mist of hat like this, violet tulle wreathing up from a black velvet bow. Dress, for late-day or dinner: a simplicity of black silk-and-linen brocade. The hat can be worn with anything, any time after six. Hat and dress by Gustave Tassell. At Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Frederick & Nelson. Also to be worn any time after six—new glitter lipstick with tiny golden flecks: Charles of the Ritz Gold Dust Rose.*



**Magenta–**
**this year's brocade**
**theatre suit**

*What's different about the dinner-theatre suit, this year—ravishingly illustrated. The brocade is unglittered; the colour's in the magenta-to-wine plumminess; the suit is really a dress—sleeveless, low-waisted—and a jacket, with this year's new ease and scope. By Ben Zuckerman, in silk Swiss matelassé by Abraham. At Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.*

**In purple—**
**the cloak-and-dagger coat:**
**bigger, wrappier**

*New set of coat-directions: bigger, looser, often cape-sleeved—like this conspirator's mantle of purple wool fleece. Coat, of Lesur fabric; pale-blue wool crêpe dress, by Trigère. At Bergdorf Goodman; Julius Garfinckel; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Gloves by Superb. Earrings by Hattie Carnegie. Imperial Formula Rosy Dawn lipstick. All: Bergdorf Goodman. Mr. John hat.*

PENN



## Red—suit with a spot of collar news

*New to suits now, a collar like the one at right: a flat little tailoring of fur. (Fewer and fewer suits seem to be going around collarless.) The suit itself, love-apple red, with a longer span of jacket, a young, unhindered shape. By Branell, in Anglo worsted twill; black worsted jersey overblouse. The collar, Somali leopard. Hat of same, by Mr. John. Suit, at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Blum's, Chicago; Al Rosenthal.*

*Burnished plum substituting for black here, and going on to even greater things—a delicious pale-iris blouse of silk taffeta to name one; a jacket lining to match the blouse, to name another. Part of an over-all look of unleashed narrowness: the jacket, cut for a longer, non-hip-clinging fit. Winding up the look, a whooped-up beret of raisin velvet. Wool suit by Adele Simpson. Henri Bendel; Hutzler's; Frost Bros.; Joseph Magnin. Sally Victor hat. David Webb jewellery.*

## Plum—and a complete new suit plan

PENN



**Ruby—in cut velvet for this year's little-evening look**

*One of the most distinct suit profiles of the season, at left: the jacket back eased almost to cape fullness, straightish front with this collar news—big and spreading. The brown suit is shown under a full head of silver fox, the greater, the shaggier, the better. This from Mr. John's superb furry hat collection. Suit by Monte-Sano & Pruzan, of wool ripple tweed at Bergdorf Goodman; Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; Himelhoch's.*

*A ruby silk cut-velvet dress, near right, capturing one of the year's perfect little-evening ways to look: the waistline long and stem-y, delicately sashed with a ribbon of matching velvet. By Sarmi, from the collection of beautifully made and becoming dresses that won him the 1960 Coty Award. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin.*

*For big evening fireworks, this crimson silk satin short evening dress, explosively bloused (many are) and unexpectedly revealing about the figure. It's one of the daring and enchanting new generation—little whisps of short evening dresses in spectacular fabrics, hanging by the thinnest shoulder straps. This example: a dress by Maurice Rentner, of Couleur fabric, about $225 at Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Gus Mayer.*

**Brown—in a suit with a strong new profile**

Crimson—and
the new generation of
little dresses for big evenings



**Dark violet—suit with a sense of right-now timing**

*Dark violet, one of this year's as-good-as-black colours, in a suit as timely as right now—which means it's longer, more lithe in jacket, has an over-all easy distinction. By Paul Parnes, of Bellaine worsted, with a lilac satin blouse. About $190. Hat by Chanda. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit, also Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson.*

*Fired with sequins in a new bright dark blue, a little skin of dress, simple enough to make it a new night uniform—even for the woman who has never been within striking distance of sequins before. This dress, by Larry Aldrich, in crêpe of Celanese acetate and Enka rayon (Onondaga fabric). About $250. Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Sakowitz.*

Night blue—the nothing-dress,
all slithery sequins

*R*edingote dress of deepened red with close waist, bowed neck, coat-skirt of tapered fullness. By Pattullo-Jo Copeland, of silk and worsted; about $250 at Bergdorf Goodman; Harzfeld's.

*W*ool jersey dress in flaming red with easy top, skirt eased by slanted folds. With it for late day, a satin hat in three reds. Dress by Ben Reig; at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's. Lilly Daché hat.

**Red–geared to a restaurant life**

**Currant red–
a new twist of skirt**

**Vicuña brown—
suit with
smock magnitude**

From the brown news-front, one of the best browns around—a warmed vicuña-like shade in a walking suit with new generosity of fit in its long loose jacket that could curb its looseness, occasionally, by belt. With the suit here, chunks of fake jet, amber, and pearl beads. Suit, by Zelinka-Matlick, of Forstmann wool. About $110 at Altman's; L. S. Ayres; Dayton's; Joseph Magnin. Black felt hat with a bulb-snatched shape, by Mr. John.



**Pepper red—**
**the torso coat excitement**

**Clay brown—**
**fur under wraps**

*Announcing a shape that's teeming with news—a narrow, long-waisted, torso-curved top over a full rounded skirt. Here, it's in a coat of bright-red wool fleece, with an olive satin lining, a hat of the same red. Both by Galanos, at Lord & Taylor; Blum's, Chicago; Amelia Gray.*

*Strawberry-blond fox lining brown-red wool tweed, in a coat with flattery that gets it anywhere—town, country, travel. This, full-length, with a dress of its own tweed. Both by Marquise, of Anglo fabric, natural kit fox. Both: Bergdorf Goodman; Jenny's. Necklace by Coro. Lipstick and eye shadow: Golden Smoke by Helena Rubinstein.*

PALUMBO





## Brown—in a new jacket that does a back flip

*The flip-back jacket—zooming out at the back in a new flyaway cut that's full of élan; made of wool, in one of the zingy new substitutes for black—dark fur-brown. Under it, a short-sleeved dress of brown Glen-plaid wool. Jacket and dress by Tiffeau & Busch, about $200. Bracelets and ring by Castlecliff. Russian sable toque by Christian Dior-New York. All: Bonwit Teller. Costume, also: Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. The Terra Cotta lipstick: Princess Marcella Borghese.*

*Red and brown, new and wonderful together—especially when the brown is fur, as here: a huge, luxurious collar and cuffs of long-haired natural brown opossum, on a brightly-checked red-and-brown coat of Lesur wool and alpaca tweed. Under this, a two-piece dress of bright-red worsted jersey. By Ben Gershel. Natural ranch mink toque by Christian Dior-New York. Lipstick: Sirocco, by Antoine. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Costume, also at Wm. H. Block. Gloves by Kislav.*

**Red—a new coat furred with brown**





**Winter blue—**
**with black fur**

*blue, newer and bluer than navy, in a three-quarter coat, left, with bandings of black Persian lamb, and a skirt to call its own. This coat-shape, sloped to stand-out width. By Dan Millstein, of Blin & Blin wool, Hammer Brand black-dyed Southwest African Persian lamb. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's. Jewellery by Hattie Carnegie. Hat by Sally Victor. Lipstick for blue: Pink Glory, by Germaine Monteil.*

*blue, in the plaid business with green and black, making a suit-shape, right, with jacket inches longer—and wider—than the waist, a mobile box-pleated skirt attached to a black wool jersey top. Fur: Hammer Brand black-dyed Persian lamb. Wool suit by Jane Derby. Henri Bendel; Hudson's; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Hat: Mr. John.*

**Winter blue plaid—**
**furred town suit**

PALUMBO



# Claudette Colbert — dressed to the life

Claudette Colbert—who was born in Paris—has, by charming coincidence, become one of the movies' Great American Wife-Types, slender, vivacious, becomingly flirty. On camera, she dresses—as she does off-screen—deliciously. No gimmicks; no mad inhuman extremes; all pure, pretty real-life fashion. As she once explained, "When Dietrich and Lombard and I were all working for Paramount, none of us dressed alike. I was the girl next door—but a chic girl next door; Marlene was sexy; and Carole Lombard was the girl next door, but crazy." In her warm, plummety voice, she went on to explain that the Colbert clothes-life, pared to its simplest, is based on two looks—what she calls the Peter-Pan-collar look for day and the openly romancey evening dress. Both appear here in their *dernier-cri*-est versions, two dresses designed by Sophie for Miss Colbert to wear in the Warner Bros. movie, *Parrish*. However, when Miss Colbert says Peter-Pan-collar, she is the first to explain that she means something very much in the current fashion picture—say the black-and-white tweed suit here, which she might wear next year "with pleasure—and with great aplomb." Besides these looks, she has "always believed in the basic institution of the little black dress with a touch of white at the throat," always within the frame of fashion. (On Broadway in *The Marriage-Go-Round*, for instance, she wore a riveting Lanvin Castillo black silk coat with a flash of white scarf in the décolletage.) As for white pearls: "I adore them. I don't own anything else.". . . What goes into the Colbert look, apart from clothes, is a sense of order and perfection that has been known to startle even women with high fashion I.Q.'s. When it comes to details, Miss Colbert remarked brightly, "I'm a horror." Having spent most of her adult life in the movies, she knows all the hazards of clothes faults magnified on the screen and has an answer for most of them. To combat the pulled-out blouse, she worked out a system of having her blouses cut to just below hip-bone with long elastic loops on each side, front and back; these hook in with pantie-girdle-garters, and the blouse stays neat as a pin. To prevent sag in a dress with a deep, wide square neck she has her dressmaker run a gentle elastic from one corner of the neckline around the back to the other corner so that a sloppy show of slip straps or brassière is impossible. . . . For women who can scarcely manage a bobby pin it comes as a shock to learn that Miss Colbert curls, cuts, washes, and bleaches her own hair—the bleach merely a matter of red highlights for black-and-white photography; her natural colour is still true brunet. When it comes to make-up, she can be very bitter on the subject of eyes: "Blue shadow is for the ballet. And that line on the lid—well I've been using a line for years, but during the day I stop it at a *decent* point." For herself she stirs up a mixture of brown and grey shadow and with that, plus liner and mascara, does a supremely effective, and not faint-hearted, make-up, keeping her skin fair and natural, her mouth a good honest red. . . . A dedicated advocate of massage (at least two or three times a week), she counts this toning and relaxing process the most important factor in maintaining good looks. What happens to the body controls the face, too—"that's the showcase." Systematic exercise bores her, and fortunately she doesn't have to diet. Gaunt faces and constant diet talk meet with her extreme disapproval: "I keep telling women: all right I'm lucky, but it's not important if you have an extra pound on your behind. It's how you look that counts."



For the movie, *Parrish*, Claudette Colbert will wear this black-and-white wool tweed suit designed by Sophie, and very much in the manner of the Sophie clothes she often buys for her off-the-screen life. From Sophie's Ready to Wear Collection; Tatiana hat; both at Saks Fifth Avenue.

*Left:* The kind of evening dress Claudette Colbert loves—pink satin with a largesse of beading. This, from Sophie's Ready to Wear Collection; at Saks Fifth Avenue.





**HUMMINGBIRDS,** those touchy, curious, nervy, unmusical creatures which weigh about one-hundred-and-fifty birds to the pound, the subject of the informed, enchanting new book by Crawford H. Greenewalt (above, with his wife), who tracked all over this hemisphere with high-speed cameras. Above is *Calypte Anna* of California, the bird involved in those metabolic experiments proving that a hummingbird consumes half its weight in sugar every day. The American Museum of Natural History will publish *Hummingbirds*, which has, as well as some seventy magnificent colour photographs, a lucid, fascinating text, explaining, among other things, the nature of the hummingbird's occasional iridescence. (The iridescence is an illusion.) Although he has written this scientifically solid book, Crawford Greenewalt considers himself an amateur of hummingbirds; in his work he is president of the Du Pont Company, as well as a director, trustee, or regent of thirteen other companies, hospitals, schools, museums, and foundations.

# PEOPLE ARE



**11. 'Mr. Robert Browning taking tea with the Browning Society.'**

**SIR MAX BEERBOHM,** the entrancing, gentle subject of a wily, penetrating, circling biography, *Portrait of Max*, by S. N. Behrman who began visiting Rapallo in 1952 to talk to the eighty-year-old recluse who had been one of the greatest and cruelest caricaturists of the world, a notable drama critic, the author of superb parodies and of *Zuleika Dobson*. He asked Behrman if he had "ever noticed that all hot-water bottles look like Henry the Eighth?"

**"ZAZIE"** (in the Métro) by Raymond Queneau, the book that has been a year-long love abroad. Zazie, shown below in one of Jacqueline Duhème's engaging drawings, is a small picaroon with passions for the Paris subway and "American surplus blewgenes." Incorrigibly rowdy and disputably hilarious (the taste for this book is special, like that for applejack), *Zazie* is strictly for those who like their comic surrealism straight. Harper's will publish it here next month.



KARSH



**FREDERICK LOEWE AND ALAN JAY LERNER,** who four years ago (with *My Fair Lady*) took Broadway the way the Allies took Omaha Beach. They are moving in again, this time in November, with *Camelot*. Loewe, a rocky, restless gambling man, wrote, as usual, the music; Lerner, an easy-talking Harvard graduate, the words. Both drive hard. As Lerner's father said. when told that his son was lucky, "the harder he works, the luckier he gets."

**N. F. SIMPSON,** the British playwright whose London play, *One Way Pendulum*, begins with an attempt to train weighing machines into the nucleus of a Bach choir and continues with wild logic. *One Way Pendulum* will be brought over this winter by Caroline Burke Swann. who said "it's as if Lewis Carroll had written *You Can't Take It with You.*"

ROGER MAYNE



# TALKING ABOUT...

## new plays, new books, art shows, and music





**"IRMA LA DOUCE,"** the mocking underworld musical arriving in New York this fall after entrancing Paris since 1956, London since '58. Elizabeth Seal (above), who will play the pretty *poule*, Irma, played the rôle engagingly in London.

**THOMAS à BECKET,** martyr, saint, and Archbishop of Canterbury when Henry II ruled England. Sir Laurence Olivier will take the rôle when Jean Anouilh's *Becket*, a smash in Paris, opens in New York this fall. In this miniature from a fifteenth-century book of hours, Henry's knights are about to do the Archbishop in. (They did, on December 29, 1170.)





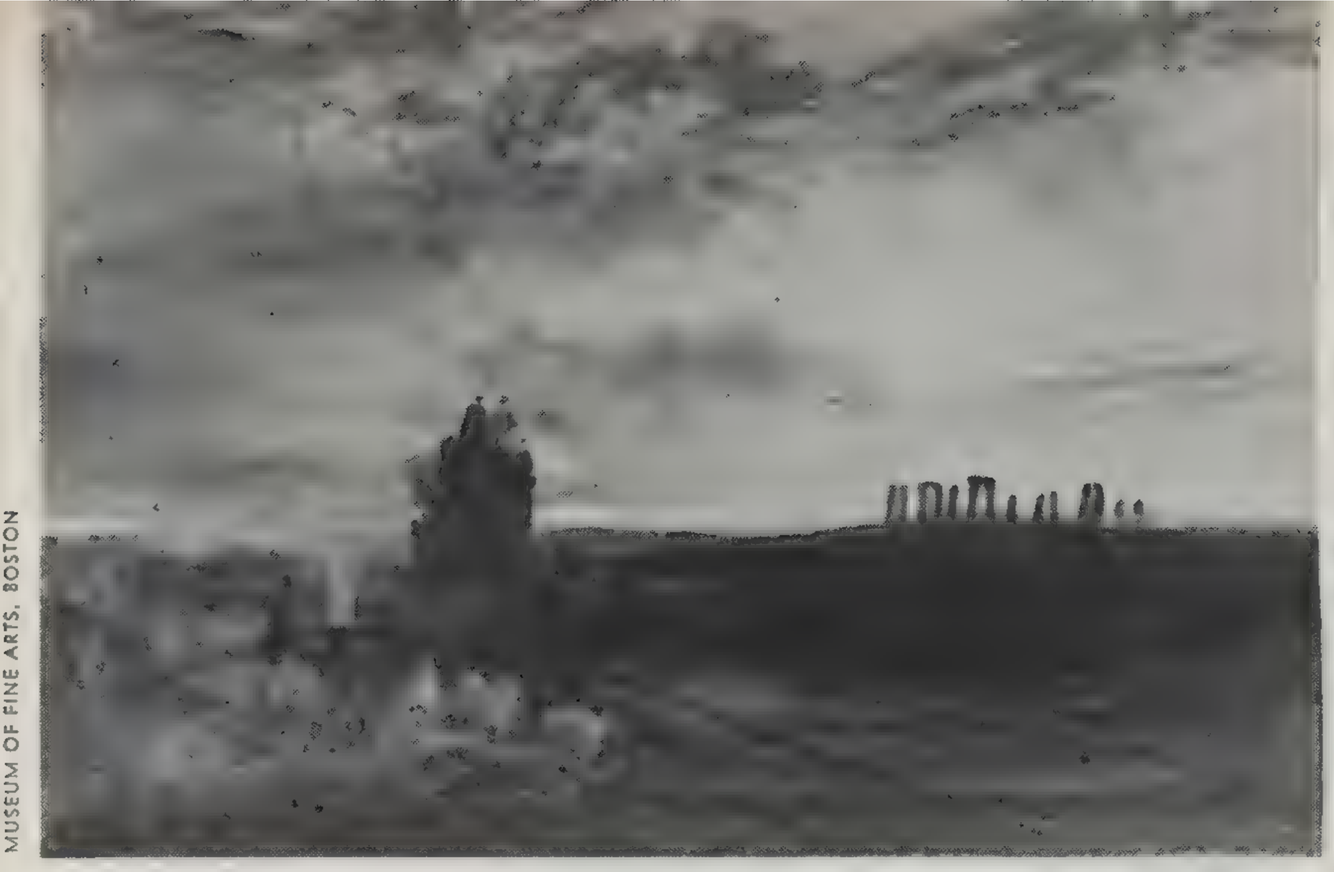

**LORIN MAAZEL,** (right), the young American conductor who was, twenty-one years ago, a nine-year-old musical prodigy; now, grown into the real thing, Maazel has a brilliant, rapidly solidifying reputation in Europe, where he conducted six performances of *Lohengrin* at Bayreuth during the summer. In December, he has seven dates with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

**"NABUCCO,"** the Verdi opera, the opener for the 1960-61 season at the Metropolitan this fall. In the sketch at left, one of the sets by Teo Otto and Wolfgang Roth for *Nabucco*, which will have its first full New York production in more than one hundred years. First produced at La Scala in 1842, *Nabucco* then had a soprano who later became Verdi's advisor, his mistress, and eventually his wife.

**PICASSO IN HIS HISPANO-SUIZA,** a photograph from an extraordinary book, *The Artist in His Studio*, with two-hundred-and-forty-two photographs (some in colour) and thirty-nine essays—all memorably revealing—by Alexander Liberman, who has spent, over the past decade, part of each year in Paris, visiting and photographing the painters and sculptors of the School of Paris in their studios and houses. He found them surrounded by those small, sometimes idiosyncratic objects that can, for the observer, illuminate their owners' lives. (Many of the photographs and twelve of the essays in this book, to be published by Viking, have appeared in Vogue.) When Liberman visited Picasso at Vallauris, there stood, in the scaffold-lined workshop where the painter worked on his magnificent murals, this black relic from the twenties, driven only for such great occasions as bullfights. Of Picasso, Liberman wrote, "He went in and sat down alone in the back, crossed his legs, and for a moment or two was deep in thought, as if remembering the events and places that he had seen in this automobile."

# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...





MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

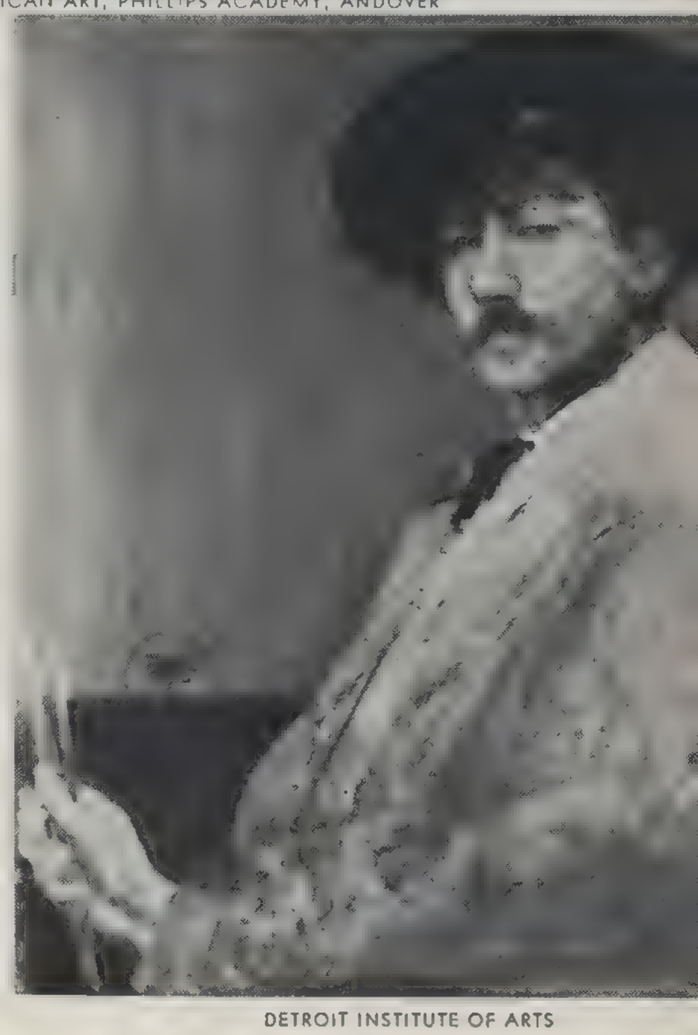
**THE TURNER EXHIBITION,** drawings and water colours by the great English painter, a superb draughtsman who understood, above all, what makes a landscape. This pen-and-sepia drawing, "Stonehenge at Daybreak," was done for, but never published in, his *Liber studiorum.* This superb exhibition opens in November at New York's Otto Gerson Gallery.



ADDISON GALLERY OF AMERICAN ART, PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER

**THE MAURICE PRENDERGAST MEMORIAL EXHIBITION,** paintings by that Boston boy who learned from the Impressionists in Paris the technique, mostly short, broken strokes of colour, that makes his paintings look like luminous needle point. In his paintings of Venice, Central Park, or the Golf Course at East Gloucester (above), the atmosphere, the figures, are the same: a dreamed, lost summer, all parasols and well-behaved people. In October this exhibition, before a five-city tour, will be at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts.

**THE JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER EXHIBITION** in New York, more than one hundred drawings and paintings (including the "Self Portrait" at right) by the brilliant, romantic, erratic American who lived forty years in London, where he sometimes served Sunday-morning buckwheat cakes to the Rossettis. This exhibition, at Knoedler's in November, includes some of the paintings that caused John Ruskin, the unofficial voice of the Establishment, to accuse Whistler of "ill-educated conceit" and "cockney impudence." Of his most famous painting, Whistler once said: "One does like to make one's Mummy just as nice as possible."



DETROIT INSTITUTE OF ARTS

**CHILDREN IN CUZCO,** photographed by Irving Penn in a rented studio eleven thousand feet high in the Peruvian Andes, one of the portraits in *Moments Preserved.* In this extraordinarily interesting, predictably beautiful book of Penn's revolutionary, tender photographs, all of them taken for Vogue, are his observations on his subjects, the great, the obscure, the somehow interesting. Simon and Schuster will publish the book next month.



# A Group of Artists Write Their Own Epitaphs

Some Well-Known People Seize the Coveted Opportunity of Saying the Last Word

HERE LIES
**W. C. Fields**
I WOULD RATHER BE LIVING IN
PHILADELPHIA

**"VANITY FAIR,"** an anthology from the brilliant files of the magazine Vanity Fair, which merged with Vogue in 1936. In its happy pages is some of the fun of the twenties, including these four epitaphs. Subtitled "A Cavalcade of the 1920's and 1930's," the book will come out on October 28.

CI-GIT
**Dorothy Parker**
"EXCUSE MY DUST!"

HERE LIES
**George S. Kaufman**
"OVER MY DEAD BODY!"

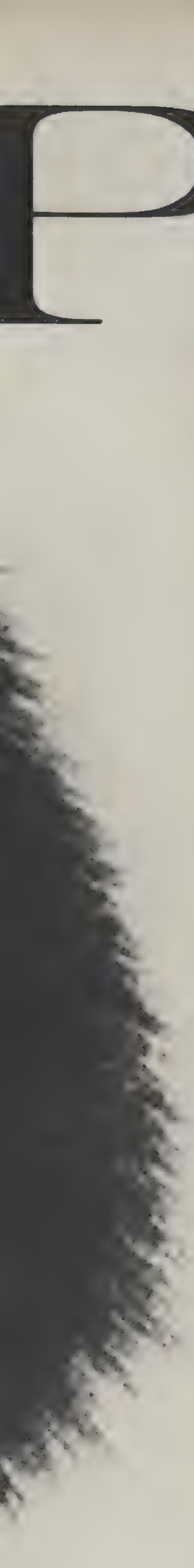
HERE LIES
**Michael Arlen**
AS USUAL



# PARIS

## Surprises, controversies, allure in the new collections

BY JESSICA DAVES



**Ricci's sabled eye-level hat**
—just one marvellous murk of furriness pulled down to eyes painted to smoulder-pitch. A recurring excitement worn throughout the Collection with varying degrees of mystery—when the look was the all-or-nothing-at-all-bandit that Jules Crahay liked this year, the mannequin's eyes all but disappeared. In America at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

PENN

How would the Paris designers like women to look this winter? Five of the most opinionated have widely varying ideas:

- Ricci would like them to look caressed.
- Cardin would like them to look mondaine, contemporary, motile.
- Dior would like them to be avant-garde shapes in his own abstract designs—when they're not looking like schoolgirls in knitted caps and suits with knitted turtle-neck collars.
- Lanvin Castillo would like them to look, all of them, like supremely elegant Parisiennes.
- And Chanel would like them to look comfortable, unfussed, happy, and young.

Obviously, material for controversy. And this *was* probably the most controversial collection season since Patou dropped skirts from the knees to the ankles in 1929. On one side stands the house of Dior where the human body is ingenuously disregarded (except from the knees down. . .). The basic line that Yves St. Laurent presents is a long, long torso with no hint of waistline, ending at various points below the hips in little balloon skirts —the balloon skirt revived and changed in character by its use on the unfitted torso. The line was presented in everything from tweed suits, to matelassé silk for late day, to beaded evening dresses. It is designed for very young women who are intensely concentrated on fashion, who expect to "change the line" with frequency and rapidity, and who are possessed of superb legs and slim, young goddess figures. There were other beautiful things in the Dior collection, not as demanding of the figure, but the torso-balloon was the line with which Yves St. Laurent really concerned himself. The whole collection was, as usual, made in the most magnificent manner—there is no superior in the world today for Dior (*Continued on page 223*)



# PARIS

making or Dior presentation. St. Laurent's abstract designs are in a certain sense art forms which, strangely enough for so young a designer, are nostalgic in feeling.

In every other collection, there were closer-to-the-body shapes, often belts, and various ways of softly indicating the wearer's figure. At Lanvin, even almost Edwardian corseted-top evening dresses.

● Starred in the editors' notebooks: The melting together of a sable hat and sable collar with a fragile deep-eyed face between, at Ricci. The dark owl eyes (a lady owl's eyes) mysteriously alluring, with pale pink lips. . . . The long-legged Dior girls with knees showing below the barrel of balloon skirts—skirts looking even shorter because of the long, long torso overblouses. . . . The covey of Cardin mannequins who poured into the showroom, all wearing little black day dresses, all carrying simply enormous bright velveteen handbags or whopping alligator satchels or two-foot long narrow calf bags; all wearing the Cardin close helmet. Witty and stunning. . . . The rib-knitted, deep dome hats at Dior, like a little Vermont boy's winter headgear—only more mondaine. . . . The outcropping everywhere of Mongolian lamb linings and hats, like unclipped poodles. . . . The braggadocio capes at Ricci. . . . The lengthened necklaces, lengthening the line of the neck. . . . The prevalence of colour—deep purple, prune, pink, red, browns, caramel—all over Paris by *(Continued on page 226)*



**Ricci's bandit cape**

Left: Storms of applause at the Ricci showing for great stormy-looking capes like this—slit at the back, flung over one shoulder. This, colour-flecked brown tweed, mantling a suit of the same fabric (wool-and-cotton tweed by Petillault). In America at Saks Fifth Avenue; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Eye drama: Conspirator's hat of felt.

**Dior's bubble skirt**

Right: Like a balloon ascension in reverse, this silhouette couples a long, reedy torso with a billowed skirt, often startlingly short. Here, a slender jacket, ballooning dress caught in above the knee; of grey-and-black Rodier tweed. In America at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Shoes: Roger Vivier for Dior.

GLOVES, THESE TWENTY PAGES, BY KISLAV;
COIFFURES, MICHEL OF HELENA RUBINSTEIN

PENN

# PARIS



## Cardin's suit sensation

Left: The jacket lengthened, eased-up, scalloped; this black and white diagonal tweed suit, one of several new suit dimensions in his wonderfully good collection. Other Cardinisms: an elongated black velvet overblouse tied with a tweed string; scalloping in such unexpected materials as tweeds and fur; and the one-sided close black velvet helmet. The tweed here by Dumas & Maury. In America at Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

## Chanel's put-over suit

Right: These suits were the new pets of her collection, in tweeds to lamé, cossetted with braids and fringes, offhand in their charming perfection. Here, one of white basket-weave wool with wide boundaries of navy-blue knitting and grosgrain, a low-pleated skirt. In America at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.



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# PARIS

day. . . . The enormous fur busbies and the small fur collars, everywhere. . . . The chic of leather dresses and jackets and coats in almost every collection. . . . The beauty and excitement of hats worn with real evening dress. . . . The cunning simplicity of line (everywhere but at Dior) starring the face, the make-up, the hat. . . . The Cardin scalloping on tweed, flannel, fur. . . . The glint of jet embroidery, of jet beading everywhere for evening. . . . The farthest-out leather garment in the world, so far, the Dior *alligator* jacket edged with black mink and worn with a knitted dress.

Cardin made his most beautiful collection to date, presenting a series of straight, narrowish coats, always worn with a close helmet, giving a superbly uncluttered line. This talented young man designs clothes that are elegant, original, wearable, and copiable. Which means private clients and American wearers of reproductions for the new scalloped tweed suits; the new blousing, panelled, softly belted dresses in silk crêpe and in wool; the new double-front coats, scarf-buttoned coats, the straight satin evening coats almost covered with voluminous fringed scarfs; and the mid-calf dinner dresses—not 1930-ish but contemporary.

At Ricci, the collection excitement began with the braggadocio capes slit at the back so that one end could be worn over the shoulder, making possible a cape without a hint of visiting nurse or English nanny. One of them, lined in mink, had a sable collar. Further excitement in the panelled suits, jackets side-slit; one in grey with chinchilla collar. *(Cont. on page 281)*

## Dior's new knitting instructions

Left: Called "Café de Flore," after the famous student-and-intellectual hangout—a dress and jacket with a young, offhand charm. Grey wool flannel, slightly ballooned skirt; set-in turtle neck and watch cap of knitted wool. In America at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Roger Vivier shoes for Dior.

## Ricci's stole suit

Right: One of the best-loved suits in Paris—Ricci's beige-and-black checked wool, with a controlled fling of stole, and a marvellous look of being completely contemporary, of owing nothing to the past. In America at Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus. Black leather pillbox.

PENN



# PARIS



## Dior's watch cap—

part of St. Laurent's new fashion intrigue with knitting which crops up again in the engaging young turtle necks that emphasize these pale, close little hats. And there's no better foil anywhere for the owlish eyes that are the thing in Paris and New York.

Hat and costume (details of that on page 226), in America at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

## More Dior knitting—

a theme pursued with such charming results as the chocolate-brown swingy cardigan, right, with its sweater-binding of mink, and the further surprise of the dress it's worn with—dark-brown suède. Dome hat, down to the eyebrows, of black-dyed mink.

In America at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

PENN











# PARIS



**Dior's bubbling tweed,**
opposite page, top left.
Black-and-white wool tweed suit with inverted-keyhole shape: torso jacket over a dress with brief balloon skirt, turtle-neck top that looks—but isn't—knitted. Turtle-neck hat: a dome of the same tweed. Suit and hat, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

**Lanvin Castillo: teardrop coat,**
top right. Pale castor-coloured camel's hair, tied in black suède over a marquise-shaped skirt. Hat: an enormous scoop of sable. Coat, in America at Saks Fifth Avenue.

**Dessès: tweed melon under fur,**
lower left. Black-and-white wool tweed suit with rounded skirt, a coat with the snow-job of white rabbit lining.
Fur hat: a civet cloche. Suit, in America at Bergdorf Goodman. Hat by Paulette.

**Dior's roll-top dress,** lower rght.
Grey wool tweed with bloused top, bloused skirt, a neck that's everywhere at this house—loose, rolled, ribbed-looking.
Deep cloche of black-dyed mink. Dress, in America at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

**Dior's side-slit suit,**
*this page*. Blond wool tweed, the jacket unfitted and slit at the sides to clear entry into dress pockets underneath. Again, the watch cap of knit-purl, and a knitted turtle-neck collar—both blonder wool.
Suit, of Ducharne fabric; in America at Saks Fifth Avenue; Holt Renfrew of Canada.



# PARIS

## "LES NOUVELLES SAUVAGES"

**Heim's beautiful leathercraft,**
left, showed all through his collection, even in an evening coat. Here a mere suède skin of a dress in cocoa with one of his great barrelling plaid coats of wool, rayon, and nylon. Dress and coat, in America at Marshall Field; Frederick & Nelson.

**Grès's inimitable greatcoat,**
right, with her new sleeve, a strong graceful half-wing spread that pushes up to the elbow to give the look of a cape. This, of shaggy Lesur grey wool that reverses to yellow plaid. In America at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin. Van Cleef & Arpels diamond pin.





**Laroche: late-day blousing,** above,
one of his good little six-and-after dresses.
In black crêpe, with this back talk: the blousing,
and a deep-cleft V bordered by wide bands of
white satin. Knotted black satin headache band.
Dress, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

**Patou's floor-length trench coat,**
right—the peak of this collection—a long
narrow spill of white, about as casual as a world
première. Hurel satin of DuPont nylon, and silk.
Coat, in America at Henri Bendel; I. Magnin.

**Ricci's late-day décolletage,**
far right, a look predictably one of the season's
fashion Fords. Chocolate silk taffeta dress,
the V-throat plummeting to meet Ricci's new, soft,
high-rising waist. With it, one of the enormous
fur hats Ricci showed again and again—always deep
on the brow; this, mink-brimmed below a chocolate
taffeta crown, a big jewel on the brim's rim.
Dress, in America at Saks Fifth Avenue;
Neiman-Marcus; Holt Renfrew of Canada.

# PARIS



# PARIS



## Lanvin Castillo: the rise of glitter

Left: The waist-question was raised often for evening at this house; never more delicately than here – close little scoop of glittered white silk chiffon, slightly high-waisted just at the front, with a sweeping black silk satin skirt. In America at I. Magnin.

## Balmain's stole drama

Right: Balmain opulence is a little like pearls in oysters – not wholly unexpected, but pretty breathtaking when they happen just the same. This is his way of covering a perfectly simple strapless white silk satin ball dress – a huge black silk satin stole, here wrapped and tied at the back. (Abraham satin.) Both, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin.

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## Dior evening definition

Left: A key evening fashion – the beaded overblouse, its length arbitrary, worn with a long, usually contrasting skirt. Here, Dior's proposal, a nostalgic mauve beaded top dangled with tassels over a slightly ballooned skirt of white peau de soie. In America at I. Magnin.
Right: The owl eye, the close shining coiffure hat, the long back-flip necklace – all Dior ideas for evening. The hat, lacquered feathers swarmed with veiling. The dress, black wool, one from his outstanding collection of short black evening dresses – some with one shoulder bare; this one, shoulder-strung with pearls. Hat, in America at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus.

# PARIS

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# "You Don't Have

The three Princes of Serendip, as Horace Walpole discovered by reading a tale about them, were always finding things they were not looking for. Hence Walpole's splendid word "serendipity," which describes the act of searching high and low for a lost letter and stumbling on a twenty dollar bill in the process.

It is much the same with mistakes. At the time they may appear like a major disaster, but as often as not one of the Princes of Serendip is looking benevolently on, and turning calamity into unheralded delight.

I have only to think of myself, constantly wrong throughout half a lifetime, but still riding the waves with that rash *brio* which comes from a temperament naturally tuned to enjoyment. It would be better for me, if not in this world in the next (so they say), were I more consciously to be ravaged by the tragic sense of life. On the contrary, an afflicting sense of pleasure softens for me—most of the time—the asperities of a world in which pessimism is the height of fashion.

Much of this pessimism arises from the fact that most people are determined, in the teeth of all evidence, to be right all the time. They have to be on the winning side; they have to use a gift of prophecy to their own advantage; they have to know exactly what measure of praise or rebuke to accord the rest of the world; they have to eliminate every goose from a private universe consisting entirely of swans.

But look what happens. The two categories of mankind to whom it is most important to be right are politicians and millionaires. And are there any professions—since being rich is a profession in itself—which fix so anxious a mask to the human face? It is not the difficult adjustments, the neat blending of fact and fancy, the constant pressure to *do* something, however foolish, which weighs them down, but the knowledge that even if they are not right they have to appear to be right. That is why politicians dictate their memoirs, and millionaires build yachts.

Here again the Prince of Serendip has his say. For although the memoirs never achieve their purpose of vindicating a reputation, they always bring in a comfortable sum of money. And the yachts keep their owners out of the way and off the telephone, thus enabling experts to sit at peace and make them richer still.

My own happiness in life has arisen largely from an elaborate concatenation of mistakes, which had the effect of getting me sent down from Oxford. Believing myself cleverer than the President of my college, I had told him that I planned to write a biography of Langhorne—an eighteenth-century clergyman-poet so obscure that I felt him to be wax in my hands. I could mould him into any shape I liked. I was accused of cutting lectures. Oh, I said, but I have stumbled on the evidence of Langhorne's Black Period. I have to spend a good deal of time in the British Museum, combing through unpublished letters. And then there are the Langhorne papers in Pontefract.

I went too far. Though extremely old, the President had not lived among undergraduates for fifty years for nothing, and my father was sent for. Here again I had overlooked the fact that the unpaid bills of the young do not simply melt away. They get sent home. I was therefore faced not with one enemy but two. And when, to forget my griefs, I broke out of the college to go to a ball and was caught climbing in, I found I had underestimated a third enemy: the police.

At the time the disaster seemed irreparable. My future was demolished with the utmost zeal by my elders and betters in turn. But if I had not been sent down from Oxford I should not have been made assistant editor of *The London Mercury*, at that time the chief literary monthly in Great Britain; and if my father had not made such a profession of dudgeon at my expense I should not have been taken abroad by one of his friends and there introduced to a new world which led to the proper fairy-tale conclusion of marriage and happiness.

Since then I have been a writer, and therefore an observer perforce. Among the things I observe is the quite extraordinary inaccuracy of the human race, and how little it matters. The world turns round on an axis of error, and nobody apparently is a penny the worse. Even the compass lies, yet somehow we manage to preserve our sense of north and south. And when it comes to writers themselves, though they may disguise their lack of veracity under the more elegant name of fiction, there is no bounds to the number of mistakes they can get away with.

Since he provided the philosophical background to Hitler's racial theories, it would be possible to hold that Houston Stewart Chamberlain was among the most influential writers of modern times. Yet *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century* spins a tissue of rubbish based on false premises about the origins and virtues of the Nordic races. This did not prevent it being hailed as a masterpiece and

# *to be Right"*

## Comfort for the conscience-ridden

BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES

distributed throughout Germany by the Kaiser as obligatory reading. It did not prevent the Nazi movement adopting it as a gospel. Luckily for his peace of mind, Chamberlain died before his theories were given any practical application. But the one objection which nobody raised against them, until too late, was that on matters of fact they were totally wrong.

Vast historical errors which alter the face of the world do not turn up every day, but reputations are constantly being confirmed in every field of life simply through making mistakes. Critics, for example, are not even supposed to be right, in the sense of passing final judgment. They are interesting, they stimulate argument; but their conclusions are always dismissed in advance by rivals of another school who demand equality for their own opinion.

For that matter, the very idea of a democracy—which implies a free choice for electors—means that a politician can only hope to be right so long as other people think he is. And as to economists, sociologists, psychologists, and so forth, who can say that anybody is right in the midst of general uproar? Nobody is greatly affected, however. The Princes of Serendip take us by the hand, and where we seek wisdom they lead us towards expediency.

One sees the unimportance of being right with especial clarity in wartime. Theoretically, it is extremely important to choose correctly between alternatives. I spent some years, either in the London War Office or attached to different staffs, and I can recall the laborious steps which preceded any new move: the calculations, assessments, forecasts, both as to what we could do ourselves and as to the enemy's power to stop us. A great number of people were kept busily employed for six years on this kind of work, and nearly all of it was utterly wide of the mark.

I remember, for instance, that at the time when the German Army first broke into Russia it was my task to mark up a daily map for the War Cabinet, showing the position of each German division. On the same map two experts on the Red Army placed the Russian divisions. But in spite of the fact that heavy fighting was taking place we could never agree about our battle line, so that every morning the two armies were separated by a hundred miles or more as if they were executing a kind of ritual dance across the Pripet Marshes. This was because both the Russian experts had lost great properties in the Russian Revolution. The defeat of the Red Army, whatever its consequences, therefore became of the first emotional consequence to them. They captured Moscow, Stalingrad, Baku seven times a week in their imagination and moved the pins accordingly, while I strove to replace them in the proper places, many a day's march to the west.

And did it matter? Not in the least. No doubt the War Cabinet found our chops and changes slightly bewildering, but then almost everything in a war is bewildering, not excluding the blind forces which eventually bring it to a stop. All that emerges from the dust and the chaos is that no one is right—a fact eventually ratified in the terms of every peace treaty.

To put first things first, I imagine that if human affairs were designed to be susceptible of such labels as right and wrong—except occasionally in the moral sense—we should have been given clear instructions from the day on which Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden. As it is, we are left to work things out for ourselves, with insufficient information to guide us and an unbalanced equipment of intellect and imagination. Even Pascal put our chances of getting things right no higher than in terms of a bet. Suppose there were even a possibility of what we were taught at our mother's knee being true, could we risk the gamble of denying it? He thought not. But this is a very temperate kind of affirmation, and very few of us can hold a candle to Pascal, when it comes to matters of will and intelligence.

If, then, on the ultimate questions we have to pick our own way through the dark, how can we expect to be always right, except by a fluke, in the small things of everyday life? I find this extremely consoling. It relieves us of any obligation except that of hope.

I once heard it said, in the offices of a great London newspaper, that if nobody did anything except carry out a routine, a perfectly acceptable paper would appear regularly each morning. The editorials would be in the right place, and their views commendably unexciting; the news itself would be tailored to fit the page. The only thing which could bring about disaster would be if someone stopped to think.

I like to imagine that most of the operations of life work on a similar basis. We have to train our instinct so as to make the most of every opportunity, and much of the time the process will be a subconscious one. Fortunately, it is often when things seem to be going wrong that the Princes of Serendip advance towards us, smiling.

# New fur brief-three-quarter length



Important furs in an important length: three-quarter—not necessarily the only length a fur coat can be now (although it's smart enough to be), but certainly a length that will spice a woman's fur-life, go into action earlier than a longer fur coat. Right, a three-quarter coat of Hammer Brand black-dyed Southwest African Persian lamb with braid bindings. By Schiaparelli; at Macy's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Chas. A. Stevens. Shoes by Evins. Cars on these pages, also three-quarter length. Here, a Fiat 600.

Fur length in three-quarter time, here given a long-haired interpretation: a city-country coat of natural Russian red fox with skins worked laterally to play up its full, wrap-around look—this look, one that lends a charming fragility to its wearer. By Georges Kaplan; also at N. H. Rosenthal, Chicago; Alexandor, Montreal. Lederer handbag. Town and Country shoes. The three-quarter cars, face-to-face on this page: both Austin 850's.

HENRY CLARKE

# Three-quarter-length furs *continued*

Alaska fur seal with a fresh new bloom of youth that kicks over any traces of Aunt Nell in the Pierce-Arrow but maintains its sleek look, its incredibly cool softness, its marvellous wearability. Here, a three-quarter-length coat in midnight grey seal with little hedge collar, a dashing barrel shape. By Fredrica, of Kitovi-dyed Alaska fur seal; at De Pinna; Hudson's; Harold's. Lucille handbag. The car here, showing its full-face and acting as a settee: the Morris 850.

HENRY CLARKE

Mink's eye view of the three-quarter length—a double-breasted coat with a full, wrapped look, a wide-angle collar that's a notch above anything known for face flattery. Delightful inconsistency: the dreamy fur-colour against man-tailored lines. By Revillon, of "Aeolian," Emba natural grey taupe mutation mink. Also at Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Lederer handbag. On these four pages: hats by Christian Dior-New York; gold and diamond jewellery by David Webb. The car here, showing a clean pair of bumper-guards: a BMW 600.

# *The Paris fashion that's for everyone*

What it is—and this is the garden path down which we hope to have led you—is perfume: a form of chic that can be slipped into in a second, comes in a size to fit everyone, takes next to no wardrobe space, travels well, requires little in upkeep, costs not much per wearing, and provides (more generously than almost anything we can think of) all-around enjoyment.

No perfume is for everyone. But to turn that around, almost no one is resolutely the one-perfume woman she may once have been: a stronger sense of Person, Place, and Thing seems to be operating in the perfume wardrobe now.

For purposes of rapport-shopping among the current items of Paris perfume news, we line up the following—some, completely new designs; some, known designs with something new about their wearing.

To begin with, from the collections now available at boutique prices, the news that seven of the most-favoured of the great Caron fragrances, including Bellodgia and Fleurs de Rocaille, are now ready in eau de toilette concentrates. Ready is an understatement: a fast-squeeze atomizer is their stopper.

More of the speed-of-scent idea, from Lanvin: new purse-size *flacons* with metred sprays that measure out perfume portions at the push of a button.

From Givenchy, this year, have come his first two perfumes—one called L'Interdit was reported earlier in Vogue; Le De, the Givenchy matter now at hand, has been found by a number of women who have tried it to have the same qualities that have made Givenchy clothes-addicts. What's unexpected about the new fragrance is that for all its riveting punch, it has a certain rosiness. Wearability, in a word.

Penetrating further into the Paris couture, there is now Celui de Jean Dessès. A distinguished, sleekly-groomed fragrance, it combines, in actual fact, something over forty ingredients—details of which, we imagine, a woman couldn't possibly care to know. The presence of rose, jasmine, and fresh forest mosses might give her something of an impression of this new pleasure, however.

From Grès, where one goes for Understanding (and finds it in the form of the most beautiful jersey dresses in the world), comes a new perfume called Cabochard. Described as having the "brightness and sharpness of sunshine after rain," it can also claim something less ephemeral: pure, unvarnished chic.

For the first time in ten years, a new perfume has come from the house of Marcel Rochas, creator of the famous Femme. The neo-scent: Madame Rochas—a sparkler.

Voulez-vous, by D'Orsay, is also with us. Seven years went into the development of this new perfume—a search (successful) for brilliance; a rather formal elegance. And there's Marrakesh, now, from Lancôme—a tantalizing Paris perfume with an undercurrent of elusive intrigue, maharani luxe.

## Paris fur report: jaguar on the loose

For anyone who's never seen a jaguar, this spectacular fur year has scarcely begun.

A golden moment of spot-news from Paris, this incredibly flat, silky coat, supple and gleaming, makes fashion history of bright wool dresses, taupe tweeds, or—when the evening sun goes down—any dress from a throwaway jersey to a snaky beaded sheath. Designed by Lanvin Castillo in South American jaguar.

Made in America by B. Wollman for Henri Bendel; Frost Bros.

Gold jewellery by David Webb. Chamois-coloured kidskin gloves by Kislav.



PALUMBO







# The suiting is easy



PALUMBO

When is a sweater not a sweater? When it's a suit, of tweed or jersey (both kinds, here), with a sweater's most endearing qualities: easiness; a kind of relaxed good looks. Examples—all, by Handmacher—on these two pages.
*Facing page:* Assembled with enormous dash—a three-piece suit that's two parts brown tweed, one part beige jersey, with this added bonus: a jacket-lining of grey fake fur. Jacket and skirt of wool tweed, furry jacket-lining of rayon-and-cotton; wool jersey overblouse. About $100. Castlecliff ring. Both at Altman's. Suit, also at Halle Bros.; Hudson's. Pink felt hat: Emme. Du Barry's Wild Lilac lipstick.
*Above:* Three-piece suit, in worsted jersey, that can lead the sweater-and-skirt life besides. Overblouse, skirt, and jacket of dark-brown Jasco worsted jersey, the jacket edged in beige; about $75. Trifari pins. All, Lord & Taylor. Suit, also: Harzfeld's; Wm. H. Block. Paisley pillbox, in gold and orange, by Mr. John.
*Left:* Easy in look, and in outlook—a charcoal-grey jersey suit with dress leanings; unstringent shirt, shirred jacket, softly-tied belt. Of Jasco worsted jersey; about $70. At Lord & Taylor; Harzfeld's; Wm. H. Block. The Paisley scarf and amber velveteen beret by Mr. John.


CURRENT
PART-TIME
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Herald

# Coat, dresses—money isn't everything

This is the coat that meets this year's young demands—for the dash of a furry collar, for the fit that skims the figure, for its plain thinking about the fashion dollar. With the added stimulus of the furry hat and four dresses charmingly keyed to undercoat life, this look is good for fashion mileage and a wardrobe eminence only technically grey.

*Facing page:* New everything-coat, grey wool tweed with a great slice of Australian opossum collar. By Dalemoor in junior sizes, about $90; Peck & Peck. Shirred opossum hat: Walter Florell. Handbag by Lucille.

*Below, far left:* The kind of town-country dress with a way of always being right—brown and red wool plaid. By L'Aiglon, about $25. Red-dyed beaver gob hat, Miss Dior. Both the dress and hat, at Lord & Taylor.

*Left:* Red wool knitted sweater-look dress, the belt a strong waistline statement, but put forth softly. By Butte Knit, about $35, at Lord & Taylor. Sally Victor toque of Italian lamb that simulates a leopard's spots.

*Right:* Beige wool herringbone in a new rôle, knitted instead of woven, in a blouse-y little dress. By Minx Modes in junior sizes; $18. Jay Thorpe. This furry head is Italian lamb dyed to look like lynx, by Miss Frederics.

*Far right:* Dress that adapts itself to whatever days; double box-pleated skirt; Orlon-and-wool in a black and white Milliken fabric. By Nantucket Naturals, about $45. Miss Dior white furry hat. Both at Henri Bendel.

FRANCES MCLAUGHLIN-GILL



# Tweed chic—what goes into it now

What's obvious here—and wonderful—is the non-hem-length coat, the brisk flip of suit jacket, and the special look of sleeked tweeds. What's not visible at all (or at least not visible until the day wears on) is the fact that both costumes are made of Orlon-and-wool—which accounts for a new kind of spring, stamina, all-day resistance to wrinkling (or all-trip: it's an unflagging traveller). *Right:* Wonderful look for a day in town—your own, or another: this 3/4-length coat, easy sheath dress, of grey-and-black checked tweed. Dress, belted in black kidskin. By Maurice Rentner, in Bellaine tweed of Orlon-and-wool. Bergdorf Goodman; Blum's, Chicago; Frost Bros.; Haggarty's. Moleskin hat by Christian Dior-New York; at Bergdorf Goodman. Calfskin shoes by Palizzio. *Far right:* Flyaway jacket that seems about to take off—and conceivably is, on a jet; here, part of a suit, in bright rouge-red tweed. White silk blouse. Suit, in Lesur tweed of Orlon-and-wool, and blouse by Scaasi. Deitsch handbag. Both: Henri Bendel. Suit, also: Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Pale mink hat: Christian Dior-New York. Shoes by Pappagallo.





What's obvious is this: the sweep of colour throughout fashion; what's less obvious is the new way the undercolours are worn: not just to match the dress or suit, but to set up subtle harmonies and contrasts. Here, colour gets a soft luminousness from the fabric, a satin tricot of Du Pont nylon, that has a new highlighted sheen. All slips sketched on these two pages are by Van Raalte; at Altman's; Julius Garfinckel; Marshall Field. *Left:* Red half-slip to wear with the new burnt wines or with smoky browns or black; the hem is a scalloped border of curling lace plumes. About $6.

# The new undercolours



*Left:* Grey sand: we see it underwriting autumn's hazy amethyst or greyed blues. It has a deep hem of charcoal grey lace in a delicate rose pattern, a long, lace-edged side slit and four sidelong tumbling lace roses. About $9. *Above:* Green with a dash of blue in it—a slip to wear with fern greens and polar blues; with deep drifts of lace plumage at bodice and hem. About $11. *Right:* Wisp green with sprays of absinthe green lace; undercolour to wear with greyed and frosted greens, with taupe or ash beige. This half-slip is lined with sheer illusion nylon tricot; the lace, a delicate leafy design. About $8.

# NORTH CAROLINA IN THE FALL—

## what's new to do and see

As full of pleasures as a wishing cake, North Carolina has a whole mess of fresh interests, above and beyond the browned azalea bushes, the mountain briskness, the sliver-slim islands almost awash with the Atlantic. It has wonderful contemporary buildings, and such new museums as the Ackland Art Center at Chapel Hill, which has in its collection paintings by Cranach, Delacroix, Guardi, Rubens. In the fall, when a great lovely calm falls over North Carolina's mountains and coast, when the rolling Piedmont tobacco country begins to pick itself up after the slaughterous summer heat, the cities rock, restless with new building, fresh ideas. Meanwhile, in the sandhills, at Pinehurst and Southern Pines (where "Yankees and people from Florida" go, according to one North Carolinian), there are golf tournaments in October, fox hunting from November, and a kind of high-tea-and-sunlight life all winter.

### *In the Blue Ridge—*
### *four good inns*

In fall, the Blue Ridge drops its slicked-up summer manners and turns quiet and tawny, its passes smoky with the faint haze that precedes winter. Deep in the Blue Ridge country is Asheville, the town that haunted Thomas Wolfe, who called it "Altamont" in *Look Homeward, Angel.* (Although Asheville, outraged, at first indicated that Wolfe couldn't come home again, the town has since made a kind of shrine of the boardinghouse once run by his mother.) In Asheville, a good place to stay is the rambling, dark-brown Manor, where Grace Kelly stayed when she was making *The Swan* on location at the Vanderbilt place nearby. A double room costs from $12 to $16, with meals for each of two persons.

Besides the famous Blue Ridge resort towns—Roaring Gap, near Winston-Salem, and Blowing Rock, where people especially from Charlotte go—there are a number of smaller, less travelled mountain towns. Southwest of Asheville is Cashiers, where the High Hampton Inn and Country Club stays open into October. An old, conservative place with palewood furniture and verandahs looking over the golf course, High Hampton has delicious food, especially the country ham and black bottom pie. For a double room, about $12 a day, with meals, for each of two persons.

West of Asheville, in Whittier, is another good inn, an old farmhouse called Sunset Farms. There, the cook does extraordinary things with country food; especially good, the eggplant and squash soufflés, the vinegar pie. A double room, with meals, $20 to $24. At Burnsville, to the northeast, there is the old Nu-Wray Inn, a country boardinghouse where everyone eats at one big table, which is covered with immense platters of fresh vegetables, chicken, ham from the Inn's smokehouse, and biscuits with half a dozen different kinds of jelly. Those just driving through Burnsville may make reservations for lunch or dinner at the Nu-Wray; dinner always comes early, at six-thirty, and on Sunday at twelve-thirty. A double room with meals, about $18 a day for two.

### *On the Outer Banks—*
### *fishing, hunting, sunlight*

Out past the shallow wash of Atlantic water that borders the North Carolina coast are strung the Outer Banks, some two-hundred miles of sand bars, narrower, in some places, than the span of the eye. Often brushed by hurricanes during the late summer, the Banks become, after the equinox, calm, lonely, and still, the only sounds those of the immense breakers which roll in off the Gulf Stream. To be there is to feel forty miles at sea, bathed in warm white sunlight. For fishermen and hunters, the Banks have channel bass in the surf, marlin in the Gulf Stream, ducks and geese all over.

Threading the Banks is U.S. Route 158, lined with long wastes of beach where only an occasional fisherman, in a jeep, disturbs the sandpipers, terns, oyster catchers, and gannets. Towards the north, at Nag's Head, there is the large, Carolinian Hotel, where guests may arrange for boats, guides, blinds, and box lunches; at night, there is usually a big fire, and hunting gossip. (A double room, with meals, $10 a day, a person.) Down the Banks, near Kitty Hawk, the long, low Sea Ranch has the Atlantic in front, a pretty swimming pool in back, and a fishing pier a few steps away. (For two people, a room and all meals—including delicious, flaky pancakes for breakfast—costs $18 to $24 a day.) All down the long stretch of U.S. 158, there are comfortable motels and small restaurants, many with delicious bluefish fresh from the surf. Those who want liquor must bring it; North Carolina is dry (with some local option), and even beer is sometimes hard to come by on the Banks. *(Continued on page 276)*

## The Spanish country house of Antonio del Castillo →

A tangy *paella* of personal treasures in the Spanish house owned by Antonio del Castillo, one of the great designers in Paris, the *galeria* (opposite) shows some of the attractions of the house. Tiles the colour of saffron and paprika, used with the formality of marble, look like Roman pavement. Rough and exposed, the white rafters, however, counterpoint with informality. From one of them hangs a gala grey and gold chandelier, a relic of the late eighteenth-century days of the Spanish ruler, Carlos IV. In a corner, a French Empire marble-topped table stands beneath a Louis XVI mirror and a Raffaello engraving, one of several in the room (the originals are in the Vatican). Between the silk-covered white stools on the left, a pedestal supports a Pompeian fountain of marble and porphyry. High on the right, on the backs of black and gold carved wood satyrs, rest black plaster busts of Nero and Hadrian (one not shown), made in a Madrid school of antique reproductions founded by Castillo's grandfather. More of this house on the following pages.



DOISNEAU

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DOISNEAU

# *The house in Spain of Antonio del Castillo*

*A famous designer's collection of house ideas that invite translation, adaptation, and copy*



"I have only just begun," Antonio del Castillo, the great designer of Lanvin Castillo in Paris, said of his own remodelling job on his house, once owned by his grandfather, a Prime Minister of Spain. The look Castillo has achieved, a vigorous but delicately ordered mix of centuries, textures, and nationalities, shows his well-plotted perfection. Not far from Madrid in the village of Valdemoro, the house once contained some fifty rooms, but was all but gutted during the Spanish Civil War when it bounced back and forth between two armies as the village changed hands. Five years ago Castillo, a former student of architecture, began restoration. The original furniture, burned to keep the soldiers warm, was replaced by seventeenth-century pieces in the first floor *galeria, left,* tiled, beamed, and sunny.

In this house, Castillo, shown above at the entrance, is given to a great deal of entertaining. Wildly imaginative, impatiently alert, he is certain he hears the door and the phone before the servants do, always arranges the flowers, usually buys the food for his French cook, and sometimes sets the table for a big luncheon or dinner. For these meals his only firm rule is variety. A house guest reported that in five days the table was never set in the same place twice. More of the Castillo house look on the following pages.



## *Castillo's collection of house ideas* continued

### *Return of the ceiling lantern,*

big, squared, and important: a popular eighteenth-century idea, ready for reinstatement. Throughout his house, Antonio del Castillo has alternated lanterns and chandeliers, copies and originals. The lantern here, an eighteenth-century copy in gilded tôle and brass, hangs over the blue and white Venetian faïence jars on an old Spanish table in the entrance hall. From the studded wood front door on the right, there is a wide view of the patio, left, around which the house is built.

### *Sandy-beige, spiked by blue—*

in Castillo's long, double-chandeliered living room. Beige cotton broadcloth covers the seating—two sofas and two wing chairs, centred around a woven-straw matting rug. This sandy palette is seasoned with blue and white—in the stripes of the taffeta cushions, in the Valencian pottery lamps, in the big faïence jars that top the bookcases like finials. Unframed Dutch paintings flank the fireplace and the parade of brass candlesticks on its mantel; three-legged seventeenth-century stools perform as chair-and-sofa-side tables. At the far end of the room in front of the coffered door, a round table is sometimes set for luncheon.



DOISNEAU

### *Striped floor—* terra-cotta tile stripes

slash through the floor of the old kitchen, one of six or seven the house once had. Cool in hot weather, no longer used much as a kitchen, the room is popular for those late afternoon siestas that enable Spaniards to stay up all night. Siesta equipment: solid stone benches topped with red, black, and white embroidered cushions. The lantern, tôle and nineteenth-century Spanish, lights the old Spanish plates and copper on the slip-covered mantel, and, in the deep window sills, two *alcarrazas*, porous pottery that cools liquids. Once in a while in that room-wide fireplace a whole lamb is roasted.





*Tied-on checks,* bouncy with bows, blue and white and bold—a chair treatment with the seventeenth-century look detailed in Vogue August 15, 1959. These chairs and the amusingly overscaled pierced-tôle chandelier, adapted by Castillo for a seventeenth-century design, have special dash in this dining room because the setting, white plaster walls and terra cotta tile floor, is pointedly free of distraction. On the weathered plank table with its fat, turned legs, are slender wrought-iron candlesticks and Venetian faïence baskets piled high with pyramidal fruit.





## *Castillo's collection of house ideas* *continued*

***A hall that doubles as a room;*** a good idea that the Spanish call *galeria.* In Castillo's *galeria, above,* the beams, the straw diamonds, the old engravings of Roman monuments all move in different directions. Spanish nineteenth-century Romantic, ruffle-cushioned in a blue and white print, the chairs and banquette stand in precise formation along the wall. The three Japanese cages on tasselled blue cords hang in a row at the windows and give their inhabitants a bird's-eye view of the patio. In the far corner, skirted in dark-blue cotton faille, a semi-circular table; its other half in the opposite corner, behind the coffered door in the foreground. Whenever Castillo decides to use the *galeria* for dinner, the chairs come out from the wall and out of a closet comes a long folding table, twentieth-century and from Macy's.

***Tiles on the riser,*** *left*—old tiles pattern the staircase.



DOISNEAU



## *Bedroom in black and white*

Castillo's bedroom, except for its sunburned red and yellow tile floor, is sternly, simply black and white. Over the carved wood nineteenth-century peasant bed and its crocheted bedspread hangs, by chain, a white canopy embroidered and tasselled with black wool. Beside the bed a white lamp on a black-covered table; the three legs of a seventeenth-century stool that stood once in a barn stand now on a contemporary black and white wool rug. On the window seat, deeply comfortable, there is a black and white embroidered mattress cover; above it, solid shutters that give on the garden. The rafters, a glossy black, stripe the white ceiling.

## *Guest room in a single cotton print*

One blue cotton print patterns this guest room—the chairs, chaise longue, windows, and bed. Spanish Empire, the carved wooden bed and the dressing table, with its fanned inlay of dark and light woods, were produced in the time of King Ferdinand VII, early in the nineteenth century, contemporaneously with the engravings, a balanced mix of ovals and squares on the walls. On the beams here: a dark brown to echo the room's mellow wood.



BY ART BUCHWALD

# He *didn't forget to write*

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A few months after Art Buchwald learned that World Publishing Company would do his new book,* Don't Forget to Write, *he received one of those deadpan publicity questionnaires asking why he wrote the book, what it was about, et cetera. Here are the answers.*

***Dear World Publishers:***

You have asked me to fill out a questionnaire which you say will help you in your promotion of my delightful book, *Don't Forget to Write,* which you have had the foresight to publish.

To begin with, you want to know what the book is about; its scope, intent, or purpose. This comes as a surprise to me because I thought someone there had already read it. Apparently they haven't or you wouldn't be asking me these questions.

Well, *Don't Forget to Write* is something entirely new in the publishing business. It's a collection of articles by a columnist for the *New York Herald Tribune,* and is the emotional story of how one man with a wife and three children found happiness by travelling most of the year alone. The intent of this book is to earn royalties for its author. There is no other purpose and we resent anyone looking for a hidden reason. If it helps entertain anyone that's all to the good, but that certainly isn't the intention of the author.

You ask me what the most interesting aspects or outstanding features of the book are? One is hard pressed to think of anything interesting or outstanding. The book is supposed to be funny. It's supposed to make people laugh (it would be too much to ask them to howl) and it's supposed to make them call up their friends and say, "Go down to your local bookstore and buy a copy of *Don't Forget to Write* published by World. You'll die laughing."

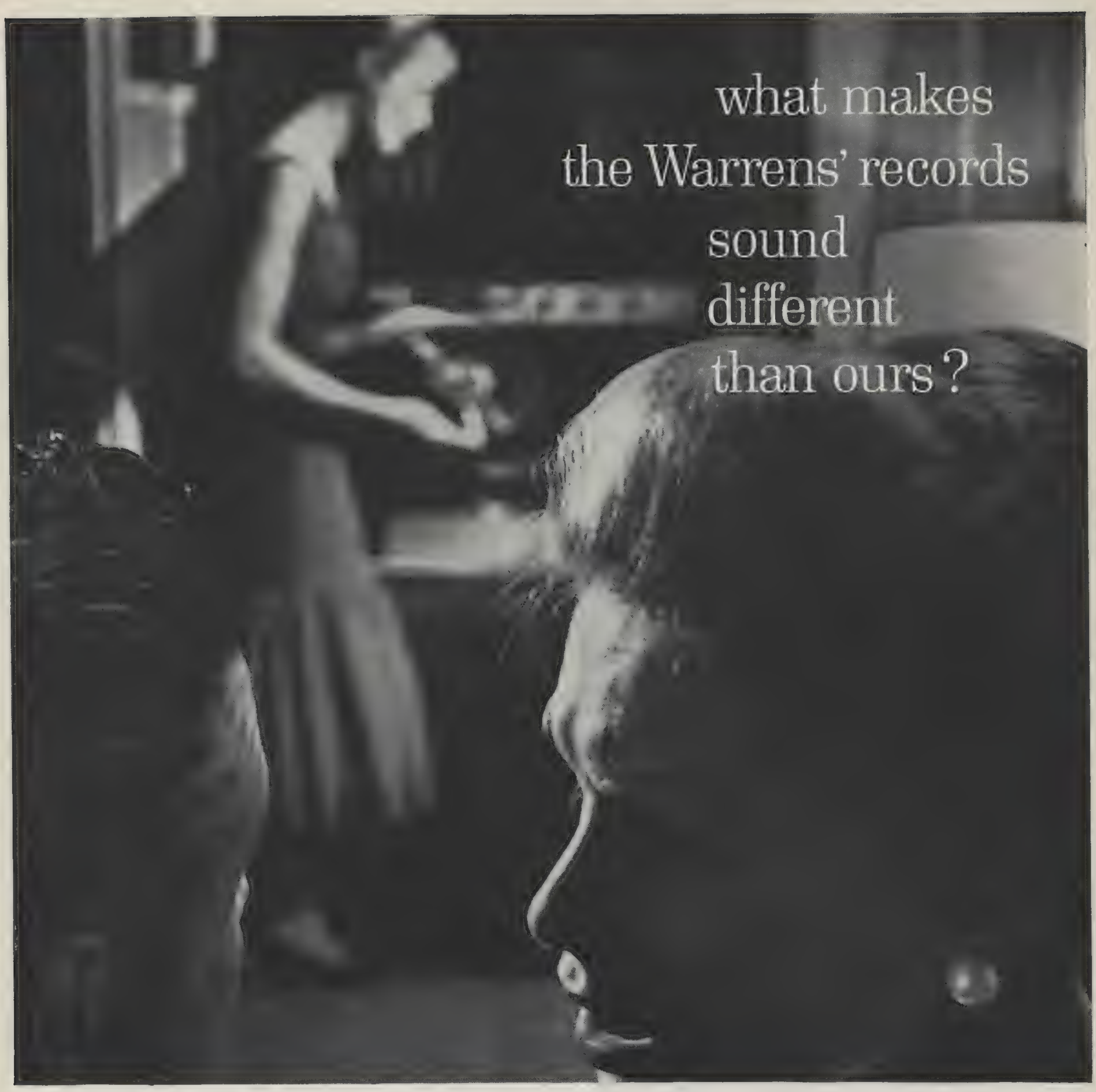
But you never know about people. They could or could not do it.

How does it differ from other books in its field? For one thing we don't know of any other books in its field. A book like this is so unique it can't be compared to anything else. It is about Europe. It is about Americans in Europe. It is about Europeans in America and it is about Americans in America. It has a point of view but we'll be damned if we know what it is.

It took me three hours to write the book. But it took me three and a half hours to see *Ben-Hur,* so I shouldn't complain. I had to do a lot of research and I had to eat a lot to get the material I wanted for this book.

They say writing is a lonely business. It wasn't for me. I always had someone around when I was writing, usually a child of six, five, or four who happened to be related to me by marriage. I think they were my children but I could never get my wife to admit it.

I get very embarrassed when I write about myself, and since *Don't Forget to Write* is all about me. I really don't have any more to say.




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# THE SUMMER I RAN A SALOON

BY JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK

Looking back on the summer I ran a saloon, I find my relief still clouded with regret. I bade farewell, not to bartending, but to a saloon on wheels—pale-blue with genuine pigskin upholstery, dual exhausts, twin petrol tanks, and manual shift down on the floor. In short, a Jaguar Mark VII, the five-passenger sedan, with high-backed seats up front, which our British cousins so perversely call a saloon.

"Let's get a Jaguar," I'd said to my husband in the madness of early spring. "The used ones are cheap, but they hardly ever change the model. We can be chic and economical at the same time."

He did not restrain me. Impetuously, we bought a six-year-old saloon, on sight. It was a thing of swooping curved lines and breath-taking beauty, polished walnut interior trim, four speeds forward, and a sliding vent in the roof which I fondly referred to as the hole in its head. But the hole was really in my head.

"Gosh, what an engine," gas-station attendants always exclaimed in awe when they opened the bonnet and glimpsed the gleaming silvery power plant that had been partly hand-fashioned by devoted British artisans in the factory at Coventry. "Hey, fellows, look at this," each one would call to his co-workers, and at least four able-bodied citizens would abandon their gas pumps and assume attitudes of worship before the glorious motor. This performance would have been highly gratifying to me, except that it happened rather often.

For, gradually, I became aware that my beautiful Jaguar had a shady past. A delinquent former owner had raced her, smashed her, and rebuilt her front end with his own amateur unskilled hands. She was still tender where she'd been scarred, and her old wounds reopened rather easily. So her bonnet was frequently raised by mechanics at remote, back-road service stations.

If the attendant seemed reluctant to tangle with the awesome engine, I was ready for him. I'd haul out the Service Manual, about five hundred pages of detailed text and illustration. Together the mechanic and I flipped pages, turned drawings upside down, and plunged up to our elbows in fine, rich grease to locate the ailing part. Between us we'd effect a cure, and I'd be off—dual exhausts screaming, shift dancing through its pattern of positions, accelerator needle zooming, even on hills, and the wind rushing through my hair from the porthole in the roof. It was heaven—but unbelievably expensive. Mechanics charged by the minute, including time spent gawking at the motor and boning up in the manual. And those boys were the slowest readers I ever met.

Women usually complain of being sports-car or foreign-car widows. Not I. I was an imported-car nursemaid. The overdose of Tender-Loving-Care which Dr. Spock and colleagues prescribe for naughty and neglected children, I lavished on my Jaguar.

If the car seemed sluggish, I used my stick-out-your-tongue-let-me-feel-your-forehead reflexes. In fact, I spent a lot of time worrying about temperature, for the gauge was in centigrade, a language I do not speak. Is 95° centigrade on the verge of boiling or just pleasantly warm? I never did find out.

Even the fuel supply was a source of surprise. A switch on the dash determined whether the port or starboard tank was opera-

tive. Since the gas gauge gave fictitious readings and my memory was faulty, it was important to flick the switch at intervals while driving to discover whether the reserve tank was drained or full. If the reserve tank held gas, the car kept rolling. If it was empty, the Jaguar coughed politely and halted.

Filling her up was an interesting ceremony. The British, in a fit of pique, equipped each tank with a lock, so constructed that it was necessary to use the trunk key to open and close the tanks. The left lock was balky. A locksmith, blaming time and rust, showed me how to turn the key with a deft twist of the wrist. My husband never mastered the subtle touch, and neither did any gas-station attendant we ever met. When we bought gas it was quite simple. I climbed out of the car, unlocked both tanks, then, after they were filled, locked them up again. It's amazing how often we needed gas in a soaking downpour or in a blizzard.

My friends shook their heads in sympathy and outrage. "Sure, that Jaguar makes you feel like a member of the International Set," they conceded, "and it corners divinely at 90. But for the kind of hacking around you do, you'd be better off with a jeep."

They were right. The high-spirited saloon loathed the dreary stop-go, short hauls of home to station to supermarket. To cheer my drooping Jaguar, every once in a while I took her for a run on the open road. At 70 mph she'd start to plane, at 80 mph the motor hum was blissful, at 90 mph the car and I were at one with the wild wind.

But highway police are not enraptured by Jaguars tearing up the parkways, even for therapeutic purposes. The end of each exercise session left me stiff in the neck from tension and concentration on the rearview mirror. But the Jaguar always felt a lot better, and I'd report so at dinner.

"You're losing your mind," my husband told me one night. "You talk about that car as if it were a person. You'll be bringing it into the kitchen before you're through, and feeding it hot chocolate."

I was annoyed that he'd found me out. For I secretly regarded the car as an absolutely enchanting friend, afflicted with a regrettable case of hypochondria, who needed constant pampering and an occasional sharp scolding. I suppose I would still be pouring out my love and irritation on that alluring piece of machinery if my madness hadn't proved catching.

My husband's infatuation began later but became more intense than mine. "We're running into town for some cigarettes," he said one evening. I looked up to see which of the children he was taking with him. He got into the car alone. He and the Jaguar were "we." He began bringing the car little gifts—a special cream for chrome, an imported leather polish, the insignia of an exclusive Italian sports-car club to which we did not belong. "She likes the insignia," he reported. "Makes her feel racy."

One night in mid-October the late newscast predicted heavy frost in the suburbs. Our house has no garage. The precious car had lived outdoors all spring and summer and was not yet winterized. We began to worry. After a while my husband hauled up from the cellar a torn canvas boat cover. Together we covered the car's grill and hood and rather clumsily looped the ends of the canvas around the door handles. About 4 A.M. we were both awakened by the whistling of the wind.

"I bet the wind has torn the canvas off the car," my husband said, pulling the blankets over his ears. "Why don't you go down and look?"

As blindly obedient as a mother answering the midnight cry of a sick child, I put on my robe and stumbled downstairs. The cover had, indeed, blown loose. I tenderly pulled it back in place, then slammed the front doors on the canvas ends to hold them tight. When I got back to bed, my teeth chattering, I began to do some thinking. I thought very hard. I thought of the harsh winter ahead, sleet storms, zero temperatures, snow drifts, and me, crawling outside night after night in the dismal grey hours, when life itself is at low ebb, to tuck the shivering Jaguar under warm quilts. It was unendurable.

At breakfast I made an announcement. "Either that Jaguar goes, or I go."

My husband wasn't in the least surprised. "You know," he said, "I never thought you were the kind of girl to run a saloon."





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# THE DRUSES OF MOUNT CARMEL

BY KATE SIMON

The bearded young Israeli in the back seat of the car was talking fervently, his long body bent in angular intensity, his tight fists beating emphasis on the seat before him. I had stopped listening long before; his intensity was suffocating, and I wanted to regather the fragments I knew about the Druses, one of whose villages lay ahead of us, beyond Haifa, high on Mount Carmel. I had heard much about them, and nothing clear—save that they number about twenty-one thousand in Israel, where they live in eighteen villages in Galilee and on Mount Carmel; that they send their own representatives to the Israeli Knesset, or Parliament, and that the Israelis take in them the pride of being linked with a people, rare, antique, and of great style. What had especially pricked my curiosity were the repeated references to "wisdom" and "intelligence" as designations of Druse worth, along with this statement by a Druse sheik at an Israeli educational meeting: "We are a warlike people which also wants to be a cultured people."

Haifa was before us, its sea border of ships and industry sending off clouds of smoke which softened the meeting of sea and glittering white city. We drove on up the slopes of Haifa, past the gardens and golden dome of the Bahai shrine, to a panorama of distant smoky hills and faraway Acre, forcing its wall into the sea. We followed the shifting views of sea and hills along the peak of Mount Carmel, and entered a narrow road lined with neat plots of vegetables and olive trees, as gnarled and movingly ugly as heroic old women. We stopped and got out into a conclave of solemn Druse children who stood in enchanted silence as we asked for the house of Yussef, our host. No one answered; no one moved. For a while the three of us, two Americans, one Israeli, and the dozen children stood staring at one another, we smiling feebly, they more confidently unsmiling. They were not too clean, but their dirt was less that of poverty than of ancient habit. From under thatches of red, blond, and dark hair, thick-lashed eyes, grey, blue, and green-gold, stared at us.

Suddenly, a man burst from a nearby house and ran toward us shouting incomprehensibly. One half of his face was still lathered for shaving and, as he ran, he pulled a white bib from around his neck and swiped at the soap. It was Yussef, who had been getting a fresh shave in honour of our visit. After vigorous handshaking he settled with the barber and conducted us and the decorative train of children to his house, a rambling affair with one central structure and several square units tacked on. A woman emerged, and our friend who spoke Arabic and English made the introductions. The woman was Yussef's wife. She put out her hand but did not shake mine when I took it; either I had misunderstood her gesture or the soft sliding touch she gave my hand was the customary greeting.

I was startled to see how much she looked like a younger version of the Polish charwomen one sees in the New York subways in the early morning hours—the same conspicuous gums over short square teeth, the small, vaguely defined nose, the grey-green eyes, and broad, high cheekbones. Her hair was completely covered by a length of white cloth wrapped around her head several times,

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one end left to trail over one shoulder of her long-sleeved black dress. The dress was cut wide, gathered in at the waist, and dropped loosely to her bare feet. The open area down the front of the heavy dress was filled with a fully-gathered thin material like chiffon, seemingly attached at the neck and then cascading to the ground, held in only by the waist buckle. I sensed, but could not quite understand, some traditional functionalism in the dress and in the extra length of head scarf. She was not quite thirty, I had been told, and the mother of numerous children, one of whom had his sun-streaked fair head buried in her thigh. Another was soon to be born.

Smiling and beckoning, she invited us to enter the end unit of her house. It turned out to be a storeroom, unfurnished except for boxes, sacks, a few chairs, and a row of peeling, ugly armoires like those in small European railroad hotels. As if dancing to the music of Yussef's energetic voice, she lifted box on box and, disregarding her own hugeness, climbed up on them to lower immense bundles and boxes from the tops of the armoires. She then leaped off the teetering boxes, lifted the lids of chests, and ran from armoire to armoire, opening doors to reveal bulging treasures. There were thick rolls of mattresses, pillows, blankets, and coverlets.

As I watched my leaping, climbing, running hostess, delighted with her elephantine grace and terrified that I might have to help deliver her next child then and there, the words of the men seeped through to me. Despite the good Hebrew of my American friend and the excellent Arabic of the young Israeli, Yussef had taken it into his head that the American man was a U. S. official in Jerusalem (an idea which not only pleased Yussef but would greatly enhance his already high standing in the community) and nothing could dissuade him. Although all guests are sacred, we were especially sacred, and the display of bedding was to convince us that we were well prepared for, and most welcome, and expected to stay a long time. Then the bargaining of hospitality began: if we couldn't stay a month, could we stay three weeks, two weeks, one week, at least a few days?

Pressed by the embarrassment of repeated refusals, the American decided to use his invented position to plead a U.N. meeting of vital importance that same night in Jerusalem. After words and gestures of deep regret, the woman locked the armoires and brought out three tins—one of peanuts, one of sweet biscuits, and another of wrapped hard candies. None of it tasted particularly good, but these were obviously treasures, pressed upon us in lavish generosity.

We left the storehouse after a while and went into the next room, furnished in mixed Arab-European style. A continuous couch arrangement piled with pillows ringed the room, but the stiff chairs and the table which held the mint tea were Grand Rapids. A large radio shared a votive corner with a photograph of a son who had recently, amid tribal jubilation, received his license to drive a taxi in Haifa, as well as with a picture of a young warrior-sheik recently exiled from the Jabalu'd-Duruz (Mountain of the Druses) in Syria.

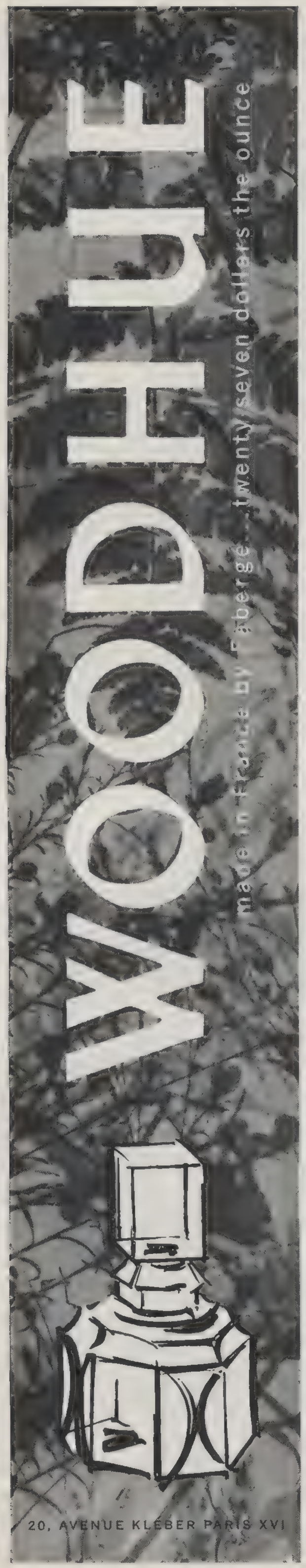
Yussef had sent an invitation to the "Hakim," the Wise Man of the village, to join the men, and he arrived shortly—a tall, portly, dignified man in long black robes and a stiff turban rather like those worn by Greek Orthodox priests. While the men talked of the crops, Israeli-Druse affairs, and European politics, of which they were well-informed, I communicated with the woman by patting the child's head and drinking the mint tea she kept pouring. Since I thought of her as an Arab woman, it was surprising to find that she entered, now and then, the men's discussion, and more surprising to see Yussef ask her for confirmation of facts or bits of information. As she spoke, she frequently lifted the end of her

*(Continued on page 270)*

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## THE DRUSES OF MOUNT CARMEL

*(Continued from page 269)*

white cloth and held it for a second or two across her mouth—echoing a dimly recalled gesture of veiling.

The little boy on her lap kept reaching into the loose scarf that filled the front of her dress, obviously designed for nursing. A bit embarrassed, the mother distracted him with pieces of sugar-dipped lemon, and since I could drink no more mint tea, she dipped pieces of lemon for me and kept up an utterly impartial alternation: a piece for him, a piece for me. Soon she began to speak. There was no question of answering, so I spoke in English about matters that pertained to her in the primitive hope that the subject, if not the words, would propel my liking and admiration for her through the wall of incomprehensible sounds. (I might have solved the communication problem with the directness of food, as she had the sense to do, but had in my bag only a dry piece of bubble gum left from a great mound which had made me, briefly, the Pied Piper of Jerusalem.) We seemed, however, to get along very well, each of us matching smiles and facial gestures to the tone and rhythm of the other's speech.

The child had fallen asleep on her lap. Judging from the light and the return of older children who peered shyly into the room as they passed, it was time to go. Again we were pressed to stay at least the one night, wished one another well, exchanged vows of eternal friendship, and promised to return the next week for the wedding of Yussef's son.

For me, the Druses were still another patch to add to the Joseph's coat which was becoming my image of Israel. Israel meant tall, swarthy men who wore the tall fur hats of Afghanistan, dark girls from Yemen with baroque looks and black-cherry eyes, men whose faces shone so black in the glare of the sun that they had no feature but brilliance.

Israel meant the small, smooth-haired women from Cochin in India; the swift Moroccan boys who hung around the market, watching with opportunists' eyes for a sharp deal; the Persians who washed their hands from a Persian ewer as they entered the synagogue and then sat with their legs folded under them; the Hungarians and Rumanians whose prayers were almost danced to Gypsy songs; the Spanish and Portuguese Sephardic Jews who intoned the same service to large liturgical strophes suggestive of Catholic tonalities. Israel meant to me the boys who poured out of a Negev encampment at dusk and, bristling with machine guns, bounced their American jeep into the hostile desert to search for a lost companion.

I thought of Beersheba, crowded with Bedouin camels and sheep, as well as with sheiks in black robes, white *keifyahs*, and bright yellow shoes bought from a Rumanian merchant. And I thought, too, of this populace, fluent in many languages, now laboriously studying Hebrew, new as a daily language to them. Already gorged with the many worlds (including the Roman) which have made this small sliver of a country, I now had another: that of the Druses.

Because the origin of the Druses is obscure, conjecture roams free. They are believed to have arisen in the mountains of Lebanon, an Arab people whose features have associated them variously with Persians, Kurds, Armenians, and Jews.

For the Druses, as for the Jews, religion has been history. Early in the rise of Islam, a number of dissident sects broke away from the main body of the religion; one of these sects became the Druses. The Prime Prophet is either Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, or Hākim, a "Mad" Caliph of Egypt in the eleventh century—a brilliant man, violently anti-Christian and shrewd or erratic enough to declare himself an incarnation of God and disappear.

In its devotion to Jethro or Hākim, the sect was harried and pushed until it found some safety in the mountains of Syria and Lebanon, where it increased (until proselytizing was forbidden by its own religious law) and established strongholds. From the Middle Ages on, the Druses figured more and more conspicuously as valiant, stubborn warriors, against Bedouins in particular, Arabs in general, Turks, Maronite Christians, and the French, mediæval and modern. In recent years, fiercely resentful of French control in Syria and Lebanon, they supported Syrian nationalists in their revolt of 1925-6 and held Damascus through a small war in which, as usual, the Druses held out longest, refusing to admit defeat until 1927.

The structure of the Druse religion is obscure, described by words with black-magic undertones: secret, exotic, esoteric, obscurantist. If one winnows out obvious contradictions and picks a few constants, the following design emerges: the religious community consists mainly of the "Ignorant" who are permitted the freedoms of smoking and drinking but must show fealty to other Druses and to God. From among these come the "Wise" men and women who, through various abstentions and serious application, may earn their way to the higher mysteries.

This group meets in a designated room to read the *Hikmah* (Wisdom Book), a compound of simple didactic precepts and highly mystical arabesques of thought. Israelis claim that the core of the Druse Holy Book is the Old Testament; Muslims, that it is a reworking of the Koran. Whatever its origin, the book is for wisdom rather than for prayer, prayer being considered by the Druses an imposition and interference with God.

The familiar pyramidal organization of most known religions applies as well to that of the Druses. The creature nearest God is a "Universal Intelligence," the creator of other entities. This peak broadens into levels of lesser spirits and, at the base, is the material world, only a mirror of the Divine Intelligence.

God appears in successive incarnations after Jethro or Hākim, taking on a variety of eclectic guises borrowed from a pantheon of Hebrew prophets, Muslim savants, and a Christian or two. There have been about seventy of these incarnations and there will be no more. When Druse suffering for freedom and religion has reached its height, however, Jethro or Hākim will again appear and the Druse religion take over the world, conquering first Mecca, then Jerusalem, and, possibly on to Rome. Considering the continued dispersal of Druses out of Syria and Lebanon, the assim-

ilation of Israeli Druses into Israeli life, and the fact that fifty thousand Druses live in the United States rapidly losing touch with their co-religionists and participating in Western religious rites (sanctioned when in alien lands), this magnificent threat seems hardly more than noble, ancient music.

The Druse wedding, that next week, was an ebullient burst of chanting, dancing, and eating in crowded, steamy rooms. For a long while, the little bride sat tense and immobile in a corner of the women's community room while the women placed strings of beads around her neck. They dropped all the babies in one corner, to be watched by first one mother and then another. The rest danced in a circle, chanting to the rhythm of a small clay drum, the dance growing more rapid, the noise, the heat, and the movement seeming to push in thick clouds against the ceiling and walls.

The men's hall gave off echoing cannonades of sound. As described later by one of our party, the men's festivities paralleled the women's—circle dancing and shouting while the young groom sat unsmiling and perspiring in a corner, holding tightly to a nosegay of flowers. The men were led by a professional dancer who twirled a large kerchief, his arm extended high in an elegant gesture. Although he performed the gyrating, trembling solos of Arab dancers from time to time, his prime function was to pull the snake-line of men through the stomping, stepping, and turning figures common to male group dances in the Near East and the Balkans. The chanting was in the ancient form of solo statement and chorus response, the men shouting blessings on both the groom and the honoured American "official" in endless verbal embroidery on limited themes.

To escape the chanting and drum beats, some of us went to watch the women of the family prepare the feast: teams of three kneading and baking the tissue-thin bread which, like *tortillas*, serves as utensil and napkin as well as food; some were stirring mountains of saffron rice studded with bits of lamb; others shaping cakes and dusting jellied candies with sugar. Yussef's wife, still expecting her child, directed the work with bustling efficiency and humour. All the women seemed confident and outspoken, quite unlike the few secretive Arab women I had seen.

Israeli friends told me that the position of Druse women was, as I suspected, extraordinary for an Arab-oriented culture. Although fathers make the financial arrangements, a girl picks her own husband and may not be compelled, coerced, or tricked into a marriage. Druses are monogamous, and although divorce is as easy as in Arab cultures, it is generally forbidden for a man to remarry. The one wife, then, takes on high status. She dispenses the money, acts as midwife to the daughters-in-law brought into her house, sets moral and ethical standards for her large household, and has no compunctions about slapping a cigarette from the mouth of one of her grown sons. Druse women have helped make the stature of their warriors; it is said that women would watch the combat from the peaks of their hills, and any Druse fighter who retreated could never thereafter find a Druse woman to marry him.

After a while, the bride, swaddled in an immense square of black lace, was conducted by her friends to the house of her father-in-law. The groom, escorted by rows of men, arms locked and screaming blessings in unison, stopped at the doorway, imbedded his bouquet into a wad of dough, and slapped the mass onto the doorjamb. The bride did the same, pasting her bread-and-beauty symbol over the groom's. They then entered the house and sat in the heat and noise to receive the friends who filed in with presents of household goods, and money, and who dropped flowers on and around the couple.

Punctuated by exultant gunfire, the feasting, chanting, and dancing went on through the night. When a short halt was called for resting, the guns and singing were stilled, and then it all burst out again to ebb away, after many hours, into quiet reminiscences and slow farewells. Drained, full of food, deafened and enormously pleased, we drove back to Jerusalem.



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# A MAN'S GUIDE TO THE NEW WINES



EVELYN MARCIL

Wine-red is spilling over into men's fashion-territory. Here, it colours two pieces of news: a sweater-shirt and a cardigan, both knitted of Orlon—a fibre no moth will ever warm to. *Left:* Just right for semi-crisp autumn days—a wine-red pull-over somewhere between a polo-shirt and a sweater, with short sleeves, an open-or-shut collar. Newly knitted of Orlon, with a little (but not too much) warmth. $13. *Right:* Wine-red cardigan with a dash of ribbing, two pockets, five pearly buttons, and this added charm: it's knitted of Orlon, lightweight, warm, effortless to care for. $18. This, and the pull-over of Orlon: Saks Fifth Avenue. *Road guide here:* Another good thing to get about in, this autumn—the Studebaker Lark VI, nicely combining dash and practicality; now with improved insulation, a new filtering system that keeps fuel clean, even on dusty roads.



# More about the new undercolours

Here's further news of the 1960 swing to colour and of the chromatics it's setting off in the slip world. Stepping up the colour-power here is the fabric, a polished, lustrous satin tricot of Du Pont nylon.

*Above:* Undercolour for the new suit life: bone colour. Tailored, narrow, a slip of a slip, it has the unexpected (for a tailored slip) delicacy of ecru Alençon lace at the bodice and banding the sheer hem panel. By Sans Souci, of Burlington fabric; about $13. At Lord & Taylor; Frederick & Nelson.

*Below:* There's a news extra here in the slip-shape: princess-flared, it's oriented to autumn's new softer, bias-cut skirts. In pale winter green with lace roses daisy-chained around the scalloped hemline and on the bodice. By Kayser, about $13. At Lord & Taylor.








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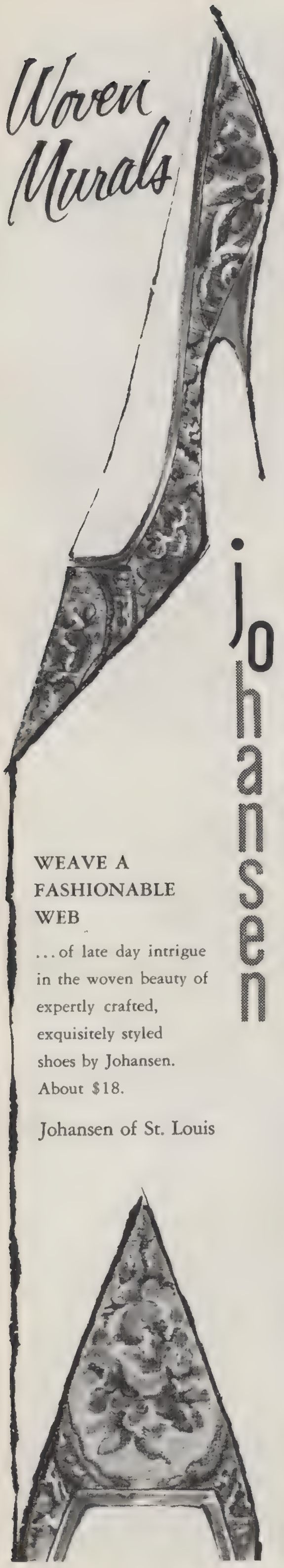


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# FOR CRUSTY WONDERS, EIGHT RECIPES

## BY BARBARA POSES KAFKA

There is a special mystery to dishes of high and low degree that require the breaking of a crust before the sealed-in juices and scents are freshly released. This mystery partly derives from the sense of present-opening.

The size and shape and type can vary from the small, hot, savoury half-moons of *piroshki* for hors d'oeuvres, through large impressive cold pâtés to small, hot, sweet, dessert squares. If you make all these goodies, you may hope to receive a cheery epitaph like that of this Yorkshire cook.

Underneath this crust
Lies the mouldering dust
  Of Eleanor Batchelor Shoven,
Well versed in the arts
Of pies, custards, and tarts,
  And the lucrative trade of the oven.
When she lived long enough,
She made her last puff,
  A puff by her husband much praised.
And now she doth lie
And make a dirt pie,
  In hope that her crust may be raised.

The crust and its lightness are the secret of all these goodies. The problem of preparing the dough can be simplified by making it in large batches and storing it in the refrigerator.

Puff paste is, along with pâté pastry, one of the kinds frequently called for. Making puff pastry is, unfortunately, a difficult art to master, but once accomplished it redounds to your credit. I learned the art by making it repeatedly for a day and, finally, weary and almost desperate, I suddenly found I could do it. It is rather like learning to swim—suddenly you realize you can float.

Puff pastry deserves a disquisition, but for the moment I will refer you only to these few good expositions of the technique.

Anne Seranne, starting on page 190 of *Delectable Desserts*, Joseph Donon, on page 271 of *The Classic French Cuisine*, and Louis Diat, on page 227 of *French Cooking for Americans*, give what seem to me some of the clearest descriptions of the art.

Meanwhile, here is a pâté pastry for making ahead and then putting around a rich veal-and-ham pâté.

### PÂTÉ PASTRY

½ lb. flour, sifted
8 tablespoons butter, at room temperature
  or
6 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons lard
  or
6 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon salt
2 egg yolks
4 tablespoons cold water

Put all the ingredients, except the water, in a large bowl, or make a well of the flour on a table and place the other ingredients, except the water, in it. Knead thoroughly. Add as much water as necessary to make the dough hold together. Knead for several minutes; this should be a firm dough. Place it in the refrigerator overnight, or for several hours. Remove from the refrigerator and allow to come to a temperature where it can just be rolled. This makes enough pastry for a small pie or for one pâté.

### VEAL-AND-HAM PÂTÉ

1 recipe pâté pastry, made with lard
⅓ lb. puff paste
1¾ lbs. veal fillet, tenderloin, or leg
2 lbs. cold boiled ham, lean
¼ cup cognac
2 eggs, unbeaten
½ cup chopped mushrooms, caps and stems
4 tablespoons lard
3 shallots, chopped
3 tablespoons chopped parsley
Salt, pepper, and allspice
1 egg, beaten

*Optional for cold pâté*

1 cup veal or beef stock
½ packet Knox gelatine
2 tablespoons dry sherry

Cut 1¼ pounds of the veal into strips the size of raw carrot strips. Marinate in the cognac. Cut up 1¼ pounds of the ham in similar fashion. Combine the remaining meat, finely diced, with the unbeaten eggs, mushrooms, lard, shallots, parsley, and spices. Blend at high speed, or pass through a meat grinder, at its finest setting, several times. Grease a spring-mould loaf pan 3½″ x 12″ and 3¼″ deep, and line with the pâté pastry (if you do not want to un-mould, use a regular loaf pan—5½″ x 9¾″); fill with alternate layers of the ground meat, the veal strips and the ham strips, ending with a layer of ground meat. (If any filling is left over, it can be ground together and sautéed for an excellent spread for canapés.) Pour the cognac in which the veal was marinated over the pâté. Heat oven to 350° F.

Cover the pâté, first with a thin layer of pâté pastry and then with a layer of puff paste, cut into pretty shapes. Cut a hole through the doughs to the meat. Brush crust with a beaten egg. Place in oven for 1 hour. Serve hot.

For cold pâté, let cool almost completely. Then dissolve the gelatine in ¼ cup of the stock; add the rest of the stock and bring slowly to a boil, stirring; cool and add the sherry; pour into the hole in the top of the crust as much of the liquid as you can without soaking the crust and place the pâté in the refrigerator for at least 5 hours. The remaining aspic can be chilled, chopped, and served as a garnish around the pâté, when released from the pan.

To make a pâté with leftover meat, double the amount of lard in the filling and adjust the seasonings.

Another first course before a good but simple roast or a main course for a luncheon is *ris de veau grillé Châtelaine*. The pastry is a cheat: you buy it; but the filling is good enough to satisfy the conscience of the most compulsive hostess.

### RIS DE VEAU GRILLÉ CHÂTELAINE

1 large bakery brioche
  or
4 small frozen brioches
1 large pair sweetbreads
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ lb. mushrooms, caps and stems, quartered
6 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1¼ cups veal or chicken stock
1 tablespoon cream
2 egg yolks
Salt and pepper
Dash nutmeg
½ teaspoon lemon juice
½ lb. cold boiled ham, cubed
1 small can truffles
1 small tin *foie gras*

If you use frozen brioches, bake them according to package directions. Then soak the sweetbreads in cold water. Cook the mushrooms for 10 minutes in 2 tablespoons of the butter. Strain off the cooking liquid and reserve. Melt 1 tablespoon butter in a heavy-bottomed saucepan; remove

from heat and stir in the flour; return to low heat and cook, stirring, for at least 2 minutes—do not let brown. Gradually add 1 cup of stock, stirring with a whisk. Continue cooking over low heat, stirring continually with a spoon, until the sauce clings to it. Add the heavy cream. Place this sauce, which is a *velouté*, to one side.

Boil water and add vinegar. Boil sweetbreads for 3 or 4 minutes. Remove; trim off cartilage and inedible parts; do not try to peel off the thin over-all membrane. Put the sweetbreads under a plate and place a heavy weight on it. Heat oven to 450° F. In the top of a double boiler, not over heat, beat together the egg yolks and the remaining ¼ cup of stock; add cooking liquid from mushrooms and the *velouté* sauce; season with salt, pepper, and a dash nutmeg. Place over hot water and cook, beating with a whisk, until the sauce will once more cling to a spoon. Remove from heat, but keep over hot water.

If using 4 small brioches, cut the sweetbreads in 4 equal parts. Brush with 2 tablespoons butter, melted. Place in the broiler and allow to brown. Remove the round knobby top and the soft centre from the brioche, leaving ¼-inch crust. Add the ham, the *foie gras*, shaped into small rounds, and the truffles, cut in slivers, to the pan with the mushrooms; heat together for 2 minutes; slowly add the sauce, the lemon juice, and the remaining tablespoon of butter. Place this mixture in the brioche—or all 4 brioches if frozen variety are used, filling to just short of the brim.

Use a slotted spoon to allow any excess liquid to remain in the pan. Place the sweetbreads on top of the stuffed brioche; replace the knobby top; surround with any leftover filling; trickle over any sauce that may have remained in the pan.

*Piroshkis* are basically small half-moons of hot pastry, like miniature apple turnovers, filled with spicy meat, cheese, or vegetables. In their native Russia, they are an accompaniment to a rich soup; here, they are, most frequently, delicious hors d'oeuvres.

PIROSHKI

2 cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter, at room temperature
5 tablespoons sour cream
1 egg yolk
4 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Blend in butter by squeezing substances together with hands. With a wooden spatula blend in the sour cream. Beat together the egg yolk and half of the water. Blend with the dough. If it is still not homogeneous and smooth, blend in the remaining 2 tablespoons of water. Place the dough to one side overnight and then in the refrigerator for a half hour, just before using. If it is not possible to let the dough rest overnight, place it in the refrigerator for an hour and then let warm back to a temperature at which it can just be rolled. Roll out to ⅛-inch thickness. Heat oven to 400° F.; then cut the dough into three-inch circles. On half of each circle, place a heaping teaspoon of any of the following fillings. Fold the dough over to make a halfmoon and press the edges together carefully with the tines of a fork. Place on a greased baking sheet and bake for 15 minutes, or until browned. Preparation can be done hours in advance, the baking sheet covered with Saran wrap and placed in the refrigerator. Let come to room temperature for 15 minutes before baking.

LIVER FILLING

½ lb. chicken livers
½ cup chopped onion
¼ lb. mushrooms, caps and stems, chopped
6 tablespoons rendered chicken fat or butter
1½ tablespoons brandy
2 tablespoons minced parsley
Salt and pepper

Sauté the onions in half of the fat until pale yellow; add the mushrooms and continue cooking for 2 minutes longer. Raise the heat slightly; add the livers, carefully cleaned of all membranes; cook until livers are browned. Heat the brandy; flame and pour over liver mixture. Reduce heat and allow flame to die naturally. Stir in parsley, salt, and freshly-ground pepper. Cook 5 minutes longer. Chop the mixture until the texture is quite fine. Do not put in a blender as that will make it too fine. Cool and wrap in dough.

CHEESE FILLING

(With this filling *piroshki* are called *vatroushki*)

½ lb. pot cheese (uncreamed cottage cheese)
¼ lb. cream cheese
2 tablespoons sour cream
2 egg yolks
Salt, pepper and (optional)
2 tablespoons Dijon mustard
or
1½ tablespoons sugar, ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon and dash nutmeg

*(Continued on page 276)*






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## FOR CRUSTY WONDERS, EIGHT RECIPES

*(Continued from page 275)*

Beat all the ingredients together, using the salt, pepper and, if desired, the mustard for an hors d'oeuvre *piroshki*, and the sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg for a dessert *piroshki*, a delicious accompaniment for yoghurt. Wrap in dough.

Similar pastries are made by the Greek peasants using spinach and their staple, olive oil.

Some of the more unusual crusty wonders are those made with sea food, to be served with a dry white wine, such as Wiltinger Rosenber 1953. One of the nicest I know was recorded by Mrs. Frazer in *The Practice of Cookery*, in 1741. One has to account somewhat for the times, after all her book was for dinners of "from five to nineteen dishes."

TO MAKE A LOBSTER PIE

Take two good lobsters, pick out all the meat and cut it in large pieces, put a fine puff paste around the edge of your dish, then put in a layer of lobster, and a layer of oysters, with bread crumbs and slices of butter, a little pepper and salt, then a layer of lobster, and so on, till your dish is full. Then take the red part of the lobsters and pound it fine, with chopped oysters, crumbs of bread, and a little butter; make them into small balls, fry them and lay them upon the top of your pie. Make a little veal gravy, put to it a little pepper and salt, the oyster liquor, and half a glass of white wine, strain it and pour into your pie, then lay on your crust; stick a few small claws in the top of it and send it to the oven. This and a partan (crab) pie will make pretty corner dishes.

If you use cooked lobsters, a pint of shucked oysters or clams, a half cup of bread crumbs, 4 tablespoons of butter, veal gravy made like the *velouté* in the recipe for *ris de veau*, and 1 pound of puff paste, you should have no trouble following this recipe.

Here is a Hungarian pastry to supplement the crusty, but well-known, goodness of such desserts as apple turnovers and dumplings.

POPPY-SEED DESSERT

10 ozs. ground poppy seeds
6 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
3 stewed apples or pears, cut in small pieces
9 tablespoons honey
¼ cup fresh bread crumbs
1¼ lbs. puff paste
Cloves
1 egg
¼ cup water

Boil the milk with the sugar for 8 minutes, stirring constantly. Add the poppy seeds, fruit, honey, and bread crumbs. Let cool. Roll out pastry; cut into 3-inch squares. Place a tablespoon of filling in the middle of each square. Beat egg with water; brush edges of squares with mixture. Gather corners of each square together, as in an apple dumpling. At the point where the four corners meet, place a clove. Heat oven to 425° F. Put buns in greased tin; brush with egg-and-water mixture. Let stand for 20 minutes. Bake for 30 minutes or until golden. Serve hot, sprinkled with sugar, and, if you like, garnished with sour cream.

The thing to remember, above all, in making all these dishes is that they must be fresh and crisp. The meat may be left-over and the dough made ahead, but the pastry should still smell of the kitchen when it is served.

## NORTH CAROLINA

*(Continued from page 256)*

*The new, lively look in Carolina*

Like so much of the South, North Carolina is now jumpy with building, with a lively, sharp response to new money, and with an expansive feeling for fresh ideas—distinctly *post-bellum*, and the *bellum* was, in many cases, Korea.

In Raleigh there is still, of course, the hundred-and-twenty-year-old capitol building, with its screen of leafy greenery, its monuments to the native great. But spreading out from that are a number of contemporary buildings, as well as the nucleus of a first-rate state museum.

The most spectacular building in Raleigh is clearly the Livestock Judging Pavilion, built for use during the North Carolina State Fair (October 11-15, this year). Like a giant mathematical twist, the Pavilion is basically two soaring concrete arches, crossed and anchored at each end, strung between with steel cables which support the roof, all completely walled with glass.

North Carolina State College in Raleigh has, besides its own boom of clean, bright, new buildings on campus, an extremely progressive School of Design, one of the most lively architectural centres in the South. Working with Dean Henry L. Kamphoefner, its faculty set up a building plan for the North Carolina public school system, which has spent, during the past ten years, $125,000,000 on freshly conceived school buildings.

From the College's School of Design, too, came some of the force behind Synergetics Inc., a Raleigh firm founded by Buckminster Fuller. Now headed by James W. Fitzgibbon, an ex-faculty member, Synergetics has built, among other geodesic astonishments, the "Tensegrity mast" exhibited in the garden of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

A good example of the way North Carolina does things is the North Carolina Museum of Art, near Capitol Square in Raleigh. In 1947, the Legislature, deciding that North Carolina needed a state museum, appropriated a million dollars to buy paintings. That million was matched by the Samuel H. Kress Foundation.

During the next few years, more than two hundred paintings were bought—with no place to hang them until the Museum opened, in 1956, in what had been the state's Highway Building. Now, the Museum has the beginnings of several good collections: eighteenth-century American and French, seventeenth-century Flemish, and a range of Italian paintings.

Eleven miles from Durham, where even the air seems tinted the pale gold of tobacco leaves, is Chapel Hill, all pines and college-town ferment. There, at the University of North Carolina, is the new Ackland Art Center, built to hold a teaching collection. When the Center opened in 1958, museums all over the country loaned paintings for its first big show; now, two years old, Ackland owns works by Rubens, Delacroix, Cranach, Guardi, and, among others, John Kane. The aim: something from every period.

# HOW NEW IS NEW ENGLAND?

## BY ELIZABETH BRADBURY

Ever since I landed in the States, people have been telling me that New England "is just like England really." Well, a few days ago we moved up to Wellesley, Massachusetts, to an apartment we've rented for the summer, and I think I can say with assurance that New England is not just like England.

Admittedly, there is Lea & Perrins sauce in S. S. Pierce, admittedly one of the halls of Wellesley College looks (deliberately, I'm told) just like Hampton Court, admittedly the roads show a good few Hillmans, Sunbeams, and English Fords. But life here isn't what I'm used to.

For a Yorkshire girl, shopping in Wellesley proves difficult. This seems hard to believe, since America is a country of convenience. But first there is the language barrier. Yesterday I asked for a Swiss Roll at the pastry counter in the grocery store ("Huh?" they said).

I went to the tailor and asked him to add turn ups to a suit my husband had bought ("Huh?" he also said). Then there was the time I went to buy a dress and told the shop girl I didn't know my American size. "I guess it is different," she said, "you measure in centimetres, don't you?" Most difficult of all is the supreme inconvenience of not having a car. We walk down to the supermarket, for our groceries. Then my husband carries them through the centre of Wellesley, while frosted foods melt, and water trickles down all over his shoes.

In England, my shopping comes to me; I don't even have to leave our cottage, and it wouldn't be any use if I did, since there isn't a shop in Lockington, the Yorkshire village in which we live. My groceries come in the grocer's van each week, and it is a social occasion. Over a cup of tea, my grocer talks about the weather and the curses of modern merchandising.

He loved the old days when he got his butter from the local farmers; now it comes from six different countries in thirty-seven varieties. He doesn't feel the same about bacon; he preferred it when he bought it by the side instead of by the Cellophane packet. I suspect he liked the era of rationing best because people had to have what they were given.

The butcher comes twice a week and brings the village gossip with the meat. His pride is to give me information about plans I didn't know I had yet.

"Off to America, are you, Mrs. B.?" (This after my first tentative exchanges with Thomas Cook.) "Flying is it?—don't hold with that. If you ever get to Chicago, remember me to my brother—never hear from him myself—one of twelve I am and families that size lose touch, you know."

Eggs come on Tuesday with the Major. The Major has a chicken farm but his heart isn't in it. The hens know this and they just don't try. At any rate they lay neurotic eggs, all sizes and shapes; I don't get one a week that will sit in an egg cup. It's pleasant and it's personal, but it takes work. If I forget what day it is (and life in an English village is timeless) the results can be disastrous—we just don't eat.

In England, I have no labour-saving devices; in Wellesley, I have a refrigerator that needs defrosting and takes the English flavour out of our food, an air purifier in the bathroom that makes me afraid to go in there alone. Housekeeping seems so difficult. Everything in America is *segregated*. One has to choose all the time. There are grades of ice cream at the supermarket; grades of letters at the post office.

There are even grades of garbage. I discovered when we arrived that some of what I would call rubbish (for the dustman) is called trash, and some, garbage. You have to get them in the right bin, or the garbage man rejects it. Now it may sound strange but this was beyond me; what, I asked

*(Continued on page 278)*





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Christiansburg — L. H. Epperly Co.
Danville — Belk Leggett
Fredericksburg — Carley's
Newport News — Hanna's
Petersburg — Wices
Roanoke — Smartwear-Irving Saks
Winchester — Modernage Shoppe

WASHINGTON
Olympia — M. M. Morris & Co.
Spokane — Rusan's
Tacoma — Andrew

WEST VIRGINIA
Beckley — The Vogue
Bluefield — The Thornton Co.
Charleston — The Vogue, Inc.
Clarksburg — Watts Sartor Lear
Fairmont — Jones
Huntington — Kurzman's
Martinsburg — M. Cohen & Son

WISCONSIN
Appleton — H. O. Prange Co.
Green Bay — The Vogue Apparel
Kenosha — Lepp & Co.
Madison — Simpson's
Milwaukee — Smartwear-Emma Lange
Oshkosh — Gertrudes Town Shop
Racine — Feiges'
Sheboygan — H. C. Prange Co.
West Allis — Taite.man's

WYOMING
Casper — Klines
Laramie — Kassis

MEXICO
Mexico City — Gina -S. A.

# HOW NEW IS NEW ENGLAND?

*(Continued from page 277)*

myself, are the basic differences? My husband was no help. Before our marriage he had a season ticket to the States but he hadn't concerned himself with the seedier side of housekeeping—come to that, with any side of housekeeping. I crept down to the basement and began to sort through the disgusting rubbish to try and establish the claims of the respective barrels.

"Hi," said a voice. I leapt into the air and as soon as my heart was beating normally again I made known my predicament. The explanation came readily, "Trash is dry and garbage is wet—you know, like tea leaves." I tottered back to the apartment after this encounter, picked up a portable electric mixer with the beaters off and tried to iron a shirt with it.

It's the academic circle we move in, and at a college the size of Wellesley—even in vacation—there is such a company of Professors, Deans, Instructors, and general hangers-on that it makes my head spin. I can't make out the hierarchy, and to an Englishwoman this is vital.

Nor is it only in academic circles that I lose my way in the class system. The other morning my husband locked us out of our apartment. I was dressed for the morning in a nylon nightdress and a thin cotton housecoat. Neighbours were helpful—"Well, it is Sunday, don't suppose you'll get hold of anyone today."

I began to wonder how the local hotel would feel about a guest who had no clothes and whose only luggage was a small pocket comb. Eventually, a kind soul got hold of the handyman.

"You'll have to tip him," I whispered to my husband—but I was wrong. The handyman drove up in an enormous car and, with no trouble at all, opened our door by means of a small piece of metal. After establishing the fact that we were English, he asked our opinion of the political situation, invited us in for a drink any time we were passing his house, said he was glad to have been of service, and left.

Now in England this kind of thing just doesn't happen; a handyman has his place in the scheme of things and keeps to it. He arrives on an ancient bicycle, hung about with the tools of his trade. He passes the time of day in a strong regional accent and, when he has finished his job, he pockets his extra five bob, touches his cap, and is off. No difficulty there.

In New England there was a cop on a nearby street corner working the lights (I thought he was just lounging there until my husband explained that he was really very busy).

"Excuse me," I said, "I'm sorry to bother you, but could you possibly tell me where X is?"

He told us, with a charming smile, and asked us if we were English.

"Yes," I said, "How did you know?"

"I could tell by your husband's clothes, lady," he said.

This was strange because my husband, who likes to think of himself against all the evidence as a Yale man, was wearing entirely American clothes, right down to his underpants (he calls them shorts). The cop took a great interest in us, wanting to know if we were on our honeymoon.

They order things differently at home. Guardians of the law of England look like guardians. Any bobby seen lolling against a lamppost would be severely reprimanded by a superior officer and by the stares of the man-in-the-street, used to more dignified ways. No English policeman would be seen having a casual chat with a passer-by; he sticks strictly to telling you the time and would never make so bold as to enquire into the private affairs of an Englishman—that is, not unless it was in the line of duty.

I shall get accustomed to the ways of housekeeping in Wellesley, Massachusetts; indeed I shall probably grow to like it here. I already see a worried look on my husband's face when I dwell too long on the advantages of the huge electric cooker, or produce a wonderful pizza out of a packet.

Housekeeping in Yorkshire, though uncomplicated by machinery, will have even more drawbacks after a taste of American methods. I must find out what's going on back there. You see, we let our cottage for the summer—to Americans.

# I TOOK THE SUPER'S ADVICE

By MIRA MICHAL

When I moved in, the house was still in the clutches of the builders; everybody was excited, mad as anything, and yelling at everybody else. Air conditioners, stoves, and toilet seats were being hauled about and put into place with terrifying speed, and paint was wet and mostly chalk white.

The lady in the renting office was sweetness, light, and serenity. She moved through the pandemonium with all the ladylike grace she could muster, smiling compulsively and addressing all the white-clad and undistinguishable painters by their pet names.

"Isn't the view simply delicious?" she said as she showed me in and around an apartment on the tenth floor.

The view consisted of two rusty roof tops. Between them, if you were very farsighted, you could distinguish a narrow strip of the East River.

I had just taken over a job in the R.C.A. building, and was secretly nursing two minor ambitions. I wanted to live in an ultra modern apartment house, and I wanted to be at walking distance from my work. This particular apartment house seemed to fill the bill.

I asked the renting lady for one room, with kitchen and bath but was assured that there was no such thing on the real estate market. I was told that the smallest apartment unit consisted of two-and-a-half rooms. When I agreed to look at it, I could only make out one oddly shaped room, a tiny bathroom and a minuscule kitchen. The difference between ordinary and rental arithmetics was soon made clear to me in patient and gracious tones. I learned quickly, took the apartment, but am still in the process of trying to figure out why I live in one room and pay rent for two-and-a-half.

As we were going down in the freshly painted elevator, I was told that there would be maid service and even valet service available, that the front of the building would be embellished by a flower bed, and the entrance hall used as an exhibition gallery for modern paintings and sculptures.

The elevator stopped on the third floor and a boisterous man in shirt sleeves walked in. He was introduced to me as the superintendent, and I was told that as soon as I became a "tenant" I would be able to call on him for anything I might possibly need. He told me that I was a pretty girl, asked me where I came from, was told, gave me a long and apprehensive look and disappeared into the basement.

I signed my lease, and a little later moved in. The first thing, I was told by newly-found friends, was to get a room-divider. I had no idea what that was, but soon found out that a whole industry was busy inventing ways and means of converting the L-shaped corridor known as the apartment into two small rooms. This could be done with the help of a large bookshelf. The fashionable thing was to place no books on it, but instead a mixture of flowerpots, bits of porcelain, pottery vases, and replicas of famous sculptures sold, very appropriately, in the better bookshops. The other alternatives were bead curtains, Japanese mats suspended from the ceiling, or simply a large sofa. I settled for the sofa, and bought handsome Swedish bookcases to house my books. In order to put the supporting metal brackets on the wall I called, for the first time, on my superintendent. He took one look at my brackets and had a fit.

"But you can't do this," he shouted; "the whole wall will collapse. This is a new apartment building, not Buckingham Palace."

A short but lively conversation ensued. I lost, exchanged my beautiful hanging shelves for heavy wooden bookcases, and that was that.

I turned my attention towards the bathroom. It was so small that putting in a tabouret, or for that matter anything that would have to stand on the floor. was impossible. But all I wanted were a few hooks on the door for my dressing gown, and for hanging up my clothes while undressing.

The super was as firm as he was negative.

"Out of the question. The door isn't made of wood like in the old days. It's pressed sawdust, masonite, a miracle of modern technology, and no hooks can possibly be put in."

I was getting desperate.

"But when I take a bath I can't throw all my things on the floor and there is no other place for them."

"Put them on the toilet lid. like everybody else," he suggested irritably.

"But I like to sit down after a bath when I dry my feet." There I was, discussing intimate details of my bathroom life.

"Ridiculous," he said, "you can do it standing up. Try it. It's good for the figure, and it wouldn't hurt you to lose a few pounds. Anyway, no hooks. By the way, don't put any heavy pictures on the walls, it's dangerous. Frames are out of fashion anyway. Go to the Guggenheim Museum and see for yourself. Take your paintings out of their frames and see how you like it. The management will be glad to store the frames for you in the baggage room without extra charge."

With that elegant offer he left me.

A few days later I met him in front of the building as I rushed out to work. He was putting some plants into the herbaceous border.

"What about maid service?" I asked. "Can you get me someone to clean once a week?"

"I'll give you the number of a very good employment agency," he promised. "They supply maids, cooks, and butlers. All of them bonded," he added proudly, "and cheap. The maids are $2.25 per hour. The cooks and butlers are a different story."

The next evening I came home rather late. I turned on the light-switch, something went bang, and the place remained in total darkness. I undressed with some difficulty. The next morning, before I had a chance to complain, the super was at the door.

"What have you done?" he inquired sternly. "You managed to fuse the lights on the entire floor, including the landing."

*(Continued on page 280)*





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# I TOOK THE SUPER'S ADVICE

*(Continued from page 279)*

"I merely tried to switch on my lights."

"How many electric appliances did you have going at the same time?"

"None. It was well past midnight," I admitted, feeling that after all maybe I shouldn't be coming in so late.

He made a quick survey of my apartment with his little water-blue eyes. He knew I was using the washing machine in the basement, and had no dishwasher or hi-fi. In fact it seemed that he knew absolutely everything about me.

"What about that toaster?" he said suddenly.

"What about it?"

"Was it plugged in when you came home, just as it is now?"

"It always is," I admitted. "Is that wrong?"

"There you are." He was really happy now. "Tenants do the strangest things. I can't have eyes everywhere. We'll fix your lights but remember about the toaster."

I knew he was wrong, but wouldn't argue, and promised to pull the cord out of the wall after every slice. I shoved him out of my place because it was getting very late. He turned abruptly in the door.

"Wait," he said, "the last time I was in your place with the telephone people, I noticed an electric pad in your closet. The bell is in there," he added with an offended expression on his face as if I had already accused him of snooping. "How much do you use that?"

"Only when my liver is giving me trouble," I confessed, before I realized that we were now on the subject of my insides.

"Well, you should turn off the lights when you use it," he said sympathetically. "I have liver trouble myself. I'll give you the telephone number of my doctor."

One day I looked up from a book I was reading and noticed a steady drizzle in front of the window. I took my raincoat and an umbrella, but when I left the house there wasn't a trace of rain. The super stood in front of the building receiving compliments from dog-walking dowagers for his nice flower border. He looked at me suspiciously, and I heard him mutter something to Jim, the doorman.

That afternoon I was sitting in front of my window typing up some material that I had brought home from the office when that steady drizzle outside the window drew my attention again. My windowpanes looked very grimy, although they had just been washed at considerable expense, by a firm recommended by the super. I looked out and noticed that somebody had pushed a thin tube out of the window just above mine. This pipe was now spitting spasmodic gushes of some suspicious looking liquid into the air. Some of it went into my eyes. Tenants are mad, I had to agree with the super for once.

I tried to get in touch with him, but he was away and the doorman promised to send him around later. He didn't show up that day, and the drizzle irritated me more than it ought to have done. It somehow got on my nerves to have a steady rainfall in front of my window on a perfectly sunny summer day.

The next morning I woke up to find that my air conditioner had flooded, and there was a big dark stain on my brand new wall-to-wall carpet. I was heart-broken, and called for the super.

He took a look and had the answer right away.

"It's nothing. It's the air conditioner."

"I know, but look at my carpet."

"Never mind—it can be cleaned. I'll put you on to some very good people. And as for the air conditioner, we'll fix that up with a tiny bit of tubing and it will drain outside."

"Ah, so that's the mystery of that drizzle in front of my window. Don't tell me that I shall have to look at it for years to come."

"Can't be helped," he said dryly, "and as for the windows, don't worry about them—simply don't bother to have them washed; just put some nice net curtains over them like my wife did, and you won't notice a thing. This is New York. You want your air conditioner, don't you? You have to be reasonable."

"But I can't understand it. Other people have air conditioners without little tubes sticking out of them. Anyway, what about the people passing under our windows?"

"The flower border," he said triumphantly. "We couldn't do without it. You see, people are entitled to sue for damage to their clothes. This stuff is filthy," he added, "and we have to change the plants about once a week."

I threw my windows open and, at the risk of drowning, looked up and down the building.

"But not all the apartment windows have those tubes." I said. "Why is that?"

"Well, it all depends on the tenant." he said. and shook his head. "I live here too. and I don't have any tubes sticking out of *my* air conditioner. Some tenants just produce more humidity than others, and then the unit can not cope with it and it floods. That's all."

"You mean to say that I, for instance, produce more humidity than Mrs. Franck down the hall. her husband, and her two poodles?"

"Well. I don't know. but they are not flooding and you are."

"Please explain that to me." I was fuming.

"Some tenants perspire more than others. see?" He had it all scientifically figured out. "Besides, like for instance you like coffee. . . ."

"Tea," I said belligerently.

"Okay, okay, keep your shirt on. You boil a kettle. the telephone rings, you talk and talk, the kettle boils on. Or you have people in. They breathe; they perspire; you give them tea or, what's worse, dinner. Do you realize what that means in terms of added humidity? You have to be reasonable. Modern appliances," he added philosophically, "create new problems."

When I came home that night a tube had been inserted into my air conditioner, and the windows in the apartment below were being nicely drizzled on. It was a consolation; a small one.

I promised myself I would move when my lease expired, but when that time came I stayed on. In the meantime I had learned the trick of living "modern." I bought a hot-water bottle and a carpet sweeper; I eat melba toast; I save some money by not having my windows washed more than once a year for Easter; my electricity bill is very low, and, to tell the truth, my paintings look much better without the frames.

# PARIS REPORT

*(Continued from page 226)*

The late-day and little evening dresses are slightly high-waisted, usually tied high with a little sash. There are three or four firmly princess dresses, one with a black fox band around its very flaring hem. The Ricci gift for seductive late-day clothes is evident in his No. 61, a high-waisted, dark-brown, sleeved faille, with a deep V décolletage, a full skirt, with an enormous, brimmed fur hat with a jewel on the side. One of the desirable short evening coats was of white brocade with a pale-beige mink collar, worn with a beige velours fez of the same colour. There were magnificent brocades, mostly brown in tone, in long evening coats worn surprisingly over short evening dresses; there were fox-banded or mink-banded evening dresses; but perhaps the charmer of them all was a very narrow, long dress of bright green lace with a white organza bodice and a sweet little sash of pale-blue moire tying in front.

At Griffe the quietly elegant "clients' collection" had a *portable* quality very much attuned to today. At Patou, where the showings were especially gay, there were little side-buttoned suits with wrap-around skirts, magnificent furs, and for evening the exclamation point of a floor-length white satin trench coat.

At the sumptuous Balmain showing—Balmain, couturier of diplomats' wives and fabulously rich Europeans and South Americans, the furs are as lavish as furs can get to be; and there again the great stoles or sweeping evening coats to cover the most expensive-looking embroidered dresses in the world. A red velvet was embroidered all over in black; a white satin skirt had a jet top and a brown belt; a black dress, ankle-length, was jetted all over and worn with an enormous white stole. Get the idea? In contrast the day simplicities: glove coats decoratively simple, looking like the chemise absolute until zipped down the front to show quiet little dresses beneath.

After the Balmain magnificences, Laroche seemed very "nouvelle vague" indeed, with checked tweed overcoats, sleeveless, carelessly-belted dresses, baby cloche hats, turned up on one side, worn with almost everything. There was Laroche's usual series of charming black late-day-into-dinner dresses bloused at the back—one of them this time was red.

The Lanvin Castillo collection is full of pretty "clients' clothes" and magnificent furs. The bias hemline here, slightly turned under, gives what he calls his teardrop silhouette and is used on suits—real suits with blouses; late-day dresses of black crêpe, and on some of his excellent coats. The evening dresses are pure delight and would be beautifully becoming and contemporary in almost any period. They are that rare commodity, the timeless evening dress, sometimes with close, beaded tops and really hip-accented skirts, wide and sweeping, sometimes softly narrow with delicate traceries of crystal all over the dress; sometimes unglittered, unadorned, simply cut, with perfection, in the handsome fabrics for which Lanvin Castillo is famous.

At Dessès there are his excellent, calm little suits, this time bias-seamed jackets a little below the waist, and easy skirts. His evening dresses of chiffon are, as usual, draped with talented complexity. One red lace dress had a floor-length scarf folded into a shawl for an entrance.

The Chanel collection was shorter than usual but the same number of attractive and fairly famous customers were seated among the press and buyers in the big, airy salon. The collection was good Chanel; the jackets were a little shorter, the pleated skirt with pleats beginning at mid-thigh appeared frequently, sable-lined tweed made a coat and also a red, short-jacketed suit. A series of straight, belted but not fitted, tweed coats over perfectly cut dresses that could be called shirt-waist, variously finished at the neck and cuffs; almost all of these have the same pleated Chanel skirt in colour ranges of mauve under violet; blue under grey; beige over beige (one lined with lamb); dark-red over brighter red; dark-red over pale blue; black, red-piped, over red; green tweed over lighter green. The effect was de-

*(Continued on page 282)*






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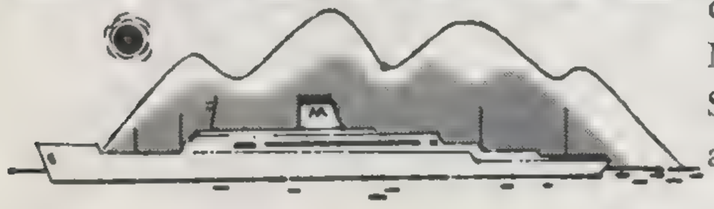
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## PARIS REPORT

*(Continued from page 281)*

licious, desirable, and tempting beyond words for those women in America who live the life suited to what Vogue calls "Fashion Naturals U.S.A."

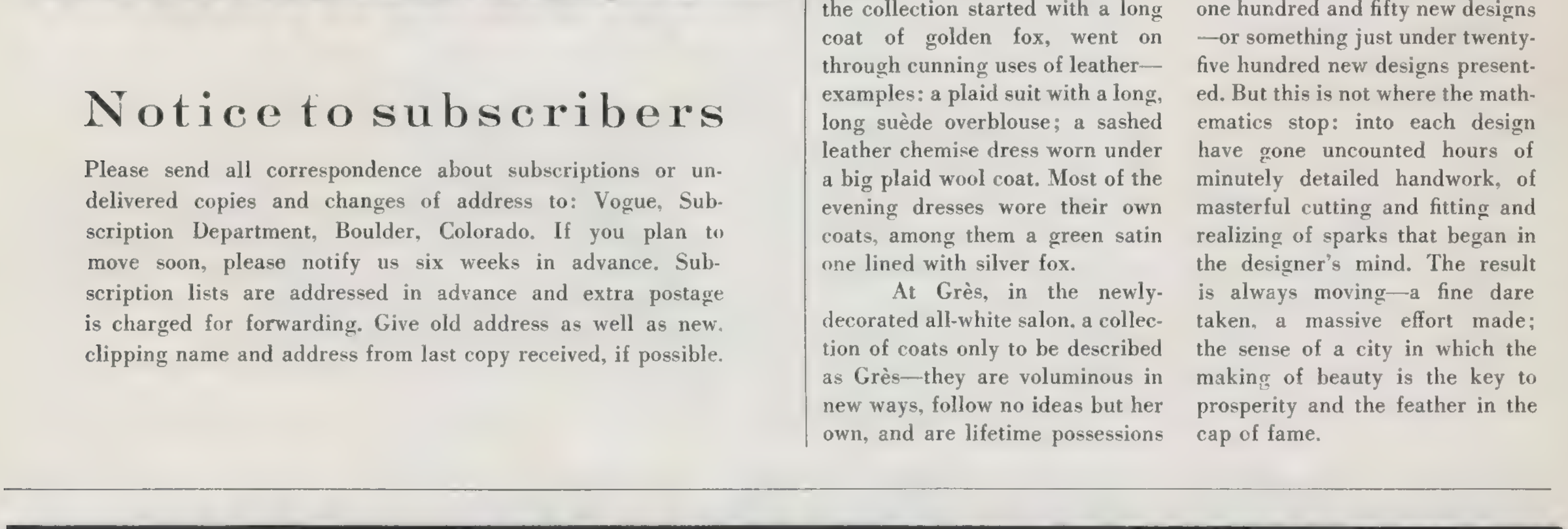
Very few hats were shown with the Chanel clothes—two or three tilted over the eyes with a little bow at the back hanging down over the hair—all made of the same fabrics as the suits. Brass-buttoned, the suits are piped and banded in greater variety of colour than we've seen here before. Multi-fleck tweeds; white, red-edged, white with blue; red and black check; violet; grey, black, and white plaid; dark-blue jersey and bright red. In a word, no black for daytime, but a seductive collection of black shorter-than-long evening dresses of chiffon, lace, and velvet. An enormous safety pin with a jewel in the centre was the most notable jewel worn. The hair was tied back with a ribbon, and gold chain belts were, again, on many of the day things.

At Heim, the house which began by being famous for furs, the collection started with a long coat of golden fox, went on through cunning uses of leather—examples: a plaid suit with a long, long suède overblouse; a sashed leather chemise dress worn under a big plaid wool coat. Most of the evening dresses wore their own coats, among them a green satin one lined with silver fox.

At Grès, in the newly-decorated all-white salon, a collection of coats only to be described as Grès—they are voluminous in new ways, follow no ideas but her own, and are lifetime possessions for the happy owners. Underneath all the coats, wonderful "nothing" dresses, usually jersey; life would be very simple for a busy American woman with a Grès coat and three or four of the Grès dresses in her closet.

The colours here are beige, grey, camel, dark dark red, or brown, with an occasional white. One dashing dark-red suit had a longish jacket, side-buttoned, with a band of brown skunk down the side. As with the coats, so with the evening things—they follow no direction but Madame Grès's own ideas and include the tight-bodiced, long-sleeved, enormous-skirted dresses of which every woman wants at least one; a red velvet and red taffeta half-and-half beauty, and the inimitable white jersey, finely pleated and draped into something that might well be named "Athena."

With fifteen of the Paris couture houses accounted for in the five-day showing marathon, anyone with a taste for mathematics can look at the collections this way: fifteen times an average of one hundred and fifty new designs—or something just under twenty-five hundred new designs presented. But this is not where the mathematics stop: into each design have gone uncounted hours of minutely detailed handwork, of masterful cutting and fitting and realizing of sparks that began in the designer's mind. The result is always moving—a fine dare taken, a massive effort made; the sense of a city in which the making of beauty is the key to prosperity and the feather in the cap of fame.




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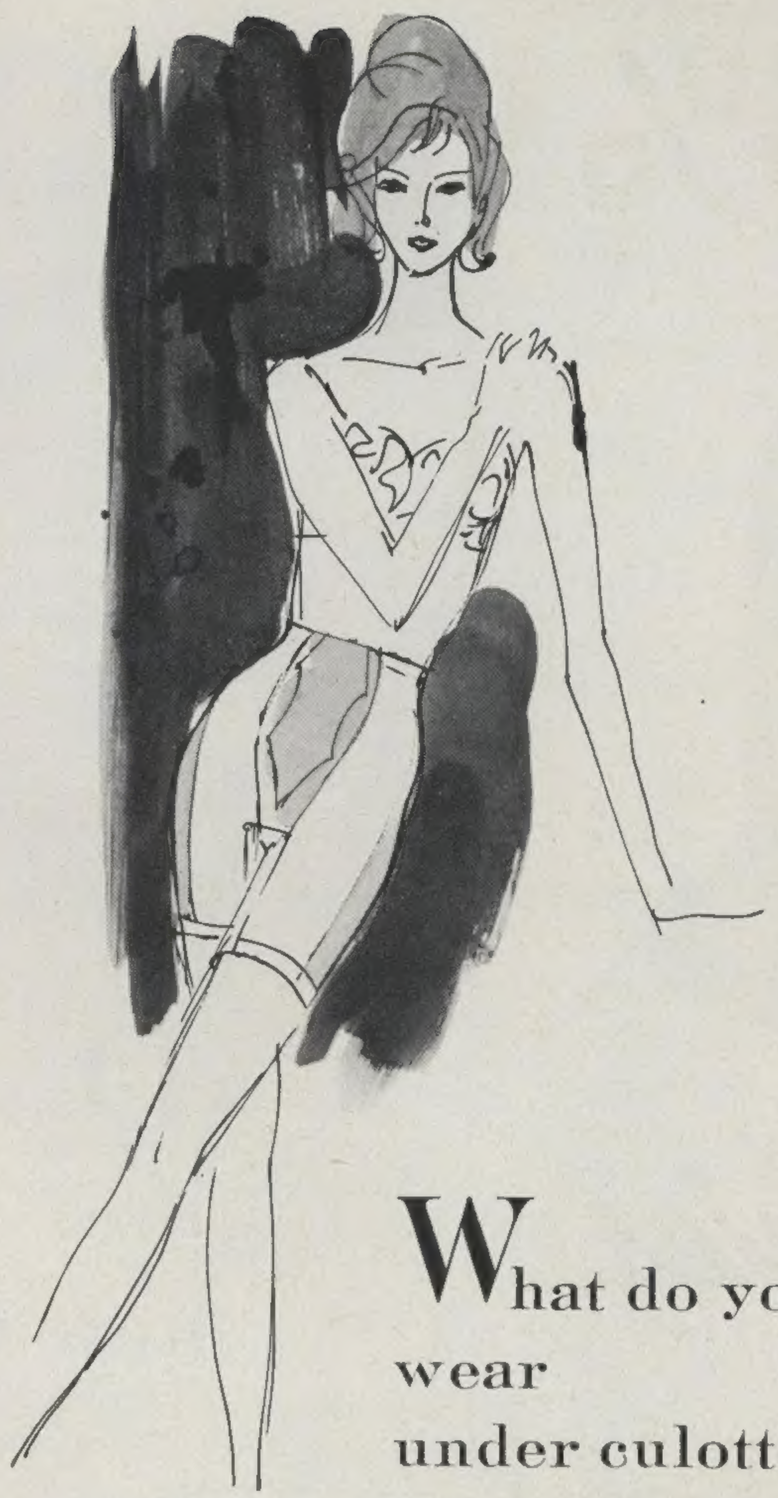

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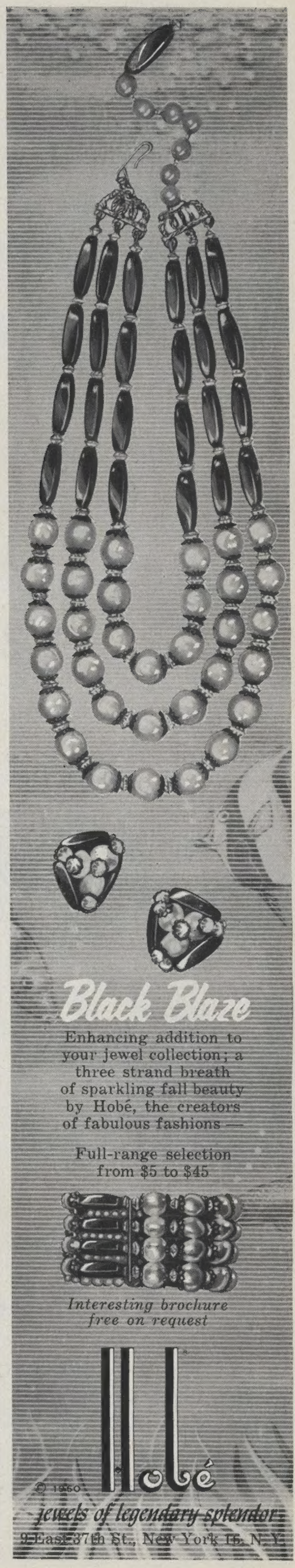



# What do you wear under culottes?

Long-legged pantie girdles with new, gentler controls, their talents, well suited to culottes. *Above:* Longish-legged pantie girdle with side panels set so far to the side they almost qualify as back panels, are therefore derrière controls. White nylon power net; elasticized satin side, front panels. By Jantzen, about $9; at Bloomingdale's; L. S. Ayres. *Right:* Nearly knee-length pantie girdle, for gentle, wrap-around control. White or black nylon power net; nylon lace front panel. About $15. The brassière; $4. Both by Emilio Pucci for Form-fit. Bloomingdale's; Rich's.



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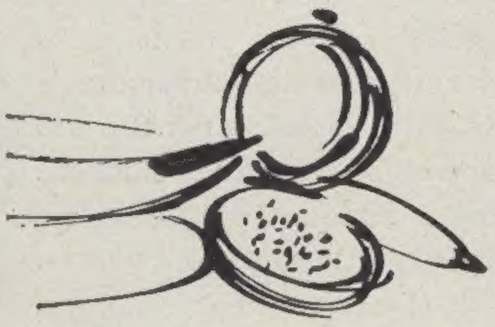
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EVELYN MARCIL

**The compact's very tiny, fluffy powder puff.**

The tiny compact at the left, the velvety rose lipstick of page 197, are part of a golden scheme for gala evenings. The compact is a home-away-from-home for Gold Dust—tiny grains of gold (not the real thing) like fine sand; dusted on over the usual evening ration of powder and foundation, they give soft highlights to cheeks. Gold Dust is behind the lipstick's special vividness, its shot-silk sheen. Other gold-impregnated lipsticks: red and coral. Unseen here is a good amber-gold eyeshadow that has just the right degree of shimmer—sensational with brown eyes. All by Charles of the Ritz. The miniature compact, with a small bottle of Gold Dust: about $2.50*. At Altman's; I. Magnin.

*PLUS TAX



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# Does she...or doesn't she?



## Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

**She radiates freshness and charm** and a quiet belief in herself that's very refreshing. It all began with a cheerful conviction that *first gray hairs are premature at any age.* This led her to try Miss Clairol. Well, she loved it! Seems she'd never realized how flattering clear, young hair color can be. Now she relies on Miss Clairol—*but always.* The color looks so soft, so natural and it leaves her hair in beautiful condition.

**That's why hairdressers all over the world** recommend Miss Clairol, use it every time to add lasting young color to fading tones. And because *it really covers gray!* They also like the way it silkens the hair, gives it lovely, lively body—and you will too. So if you're just a hair shade away from looking younger, prettier, try Miss Clairol yourself. Today! Takes only minutes! In wonderful new Creme Formula or Regular.




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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**MISS CLAIROL®** HAIR COLOR BATH®

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*Bracelet-embroidered sleeves for the French collar blouse . . . tuxedo tucking for the dress-shirt look.*

*Both no-iron, in 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton . . . 4.98*

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